

# MACLEAN'S

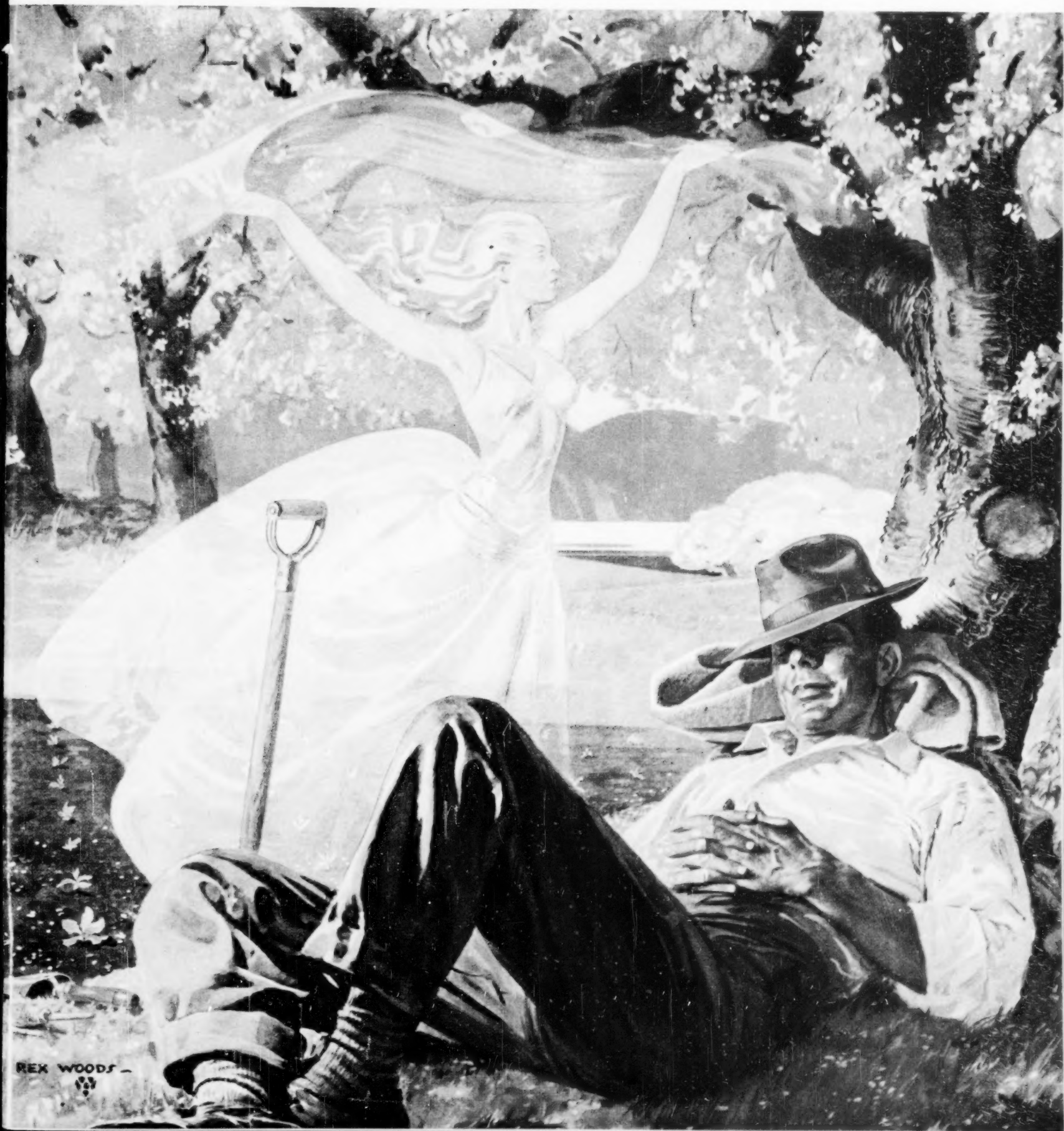
MAY 1 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE TEN CENTS

**My Friend Guay, the Murderer**

By ROGER LEMELIN

**THE MOST FEARED MAN IN BRITAIN**

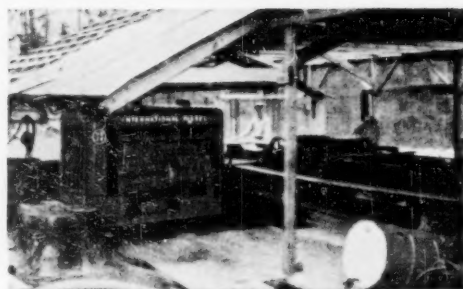
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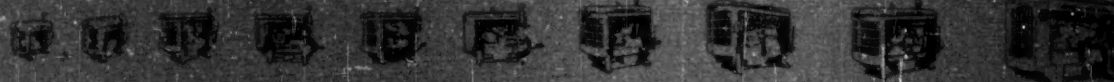
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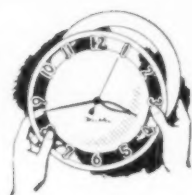
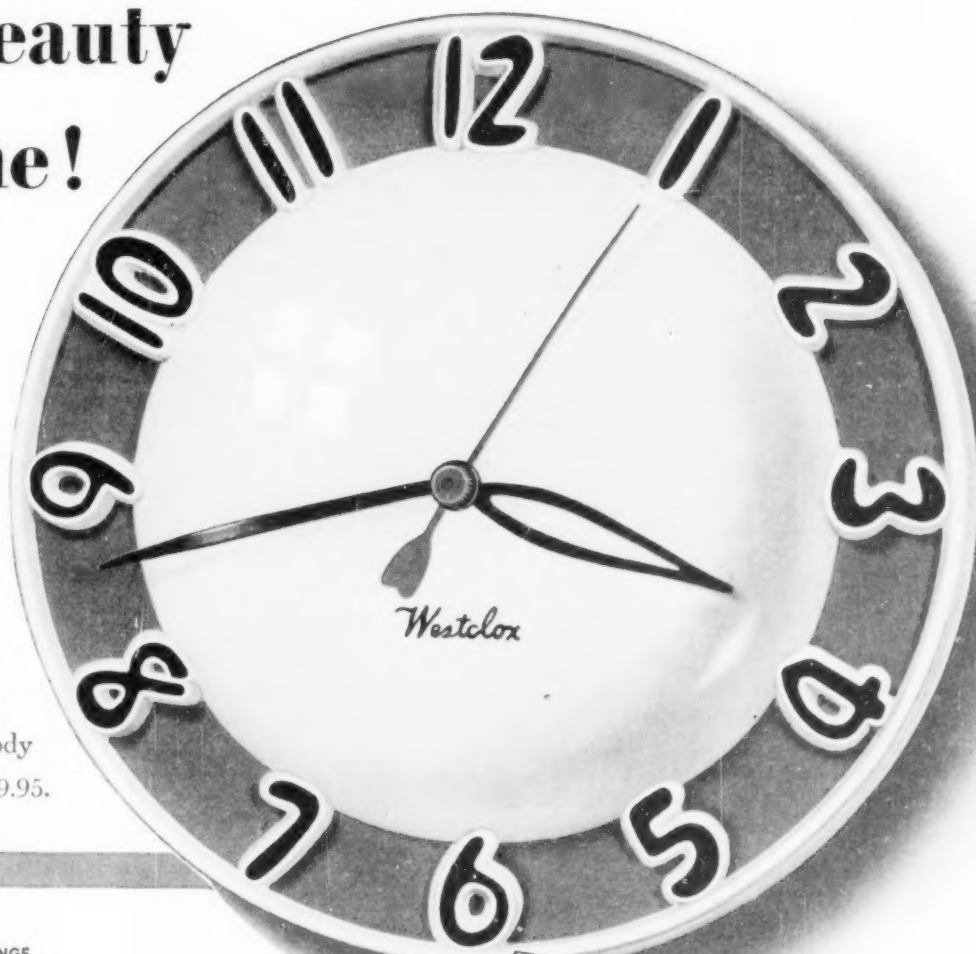


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## EDITORIAL

# Who'll Join Our Anti-Lobby Lobby?

ONE OF the finest things about democracy is that it tries to protect the rights of minorities. We sometimes wonder whether it tries as hard as it might to protect the rights of majorities.

Jimmy Gardiner's recent handout to the Canadian wheat farmers was an almost perfect example of government by minority. The vast majority of Canadian taxpayers, many of them staggering to the end of another fiscal year with personal fortunes not much in excess of 65 cents, felt no urge whatever to confer 65 million dollars on the relatively well-to-do grain growers. To most of us this was one form of public expenditure which could not be justified either by humanity or by common sense.

Parliament guessed, however, that the farmers would yell louder if they didn't get the money than the rest of us would if they did. So they got the money.

We see nothing very sinister in the episode. Any group that is prepared to holler good and loud and vote good and solid has a perfect democratic right to do so. If, in the process, it acquires more than its prorated share of political influence, that too is no more than its democratic right.

The thing that puzzles us is not that minorities are forever making these swift audacious raids against majorities. What we can't understand is why the majority so seldom bothers to defend itself. Probably the only answer is that the majority is a slob, a flabby punching bag that enjoys being belted around by someone half its size. Certainly the record suggests no better answer. On scores of public issues, some as large and important as military conscription in wartime, some as small and important as their right to put margarine on their bread, Canadians have repeatedly demonstrated that a well-organized and determined special interest can knock the general interest bow-legged.

It was precisely to protect most of the people against bullying and chivvying by some of the people that democracy was invented in the first place. But most of the people—those whose interests lie with no pressure group and can be served by no parliamentary lobby—take the trouble to claim that protection only on election days, which come once in every four or five years. In the years between, some of the people—the aggressive, single-minded minorities—are less reluctant to tell their parliamentary representatives what to do, or else. Result: Some of the people tap the treasury for 65 million dollars while most of the people whimper helplessly that they've been had.

Unless somebody has a better remedy for the plight of the underprivileged majority we'd like to suggest that the three or four million voters who don't want any special favors or concessions from the government band themselves into a new kind of pressure group. A suitable name for the organization we have in mind would be The Citizens' League for the Promotion of Nothing, or the Anti-Lobby Lobby. Our outfit's sole business would be to smoke out all political pressure groups, find out what they're saying, and then say the exact opposite—only louder. Somebody shows up in Ottawa demanding a government subsidy on goatskins or a protective tariff on left-handed monkey wrenches: our outfit automatically starts screaming murder. And, since the voting strength of non-goatherds and non-manufacturers of monkey wrenches runs into the millions, the effect on the kind of MP who measures duty by expediency might be revolutionary.

We'd do some harm, for pressure groups are not always wrong and that which works to the advantage of a minority does not always work to the disadvantage of the majority. We'd also do a great deal of good. First, by reducing the organized political power play to sheer absurdity. Second, by reminding those we choose to conduct the nation's business that we expect them to conduct it for the benefit of the nation as a whole, including—and in cases of doubt, particularly—its easy-going, inarticulate majority.

Maclean's Magazine, Toronto, May 1, 1951

## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## CONTENTS

Vol. 64 MAY 1, 1951 No. 9

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### Articles

MY FRIEND GUAY, THE MURDERER. Roger Lemelin .....	7
THE BEST 75-CENT MEAL IN THE COUNTRY. Eva-Lis Wuorio .....	10
MOOSE JAW: PLAYBOY OF THE PRAIRIES. George Hillyard Robertson .....	14
THE MOST FEARED MAN IN BRITAIN. Lionel Shapiro .....	20
THE DAY HALIFAX BLEW UP. A Maclean's Flashback. Kenneth MacGillivray .....	13
WE FOUND THE LAST WILD WEST. Part Two, Richmond P. Hobson Jr. ....	16
YOUR DOG TELLS ME ABOUT YOU. Lorna Jackson as told to Robert Thomas Allen ..	22
WHAT TO TELL YOUR CHILD ABOUT DEATH. Sidney Katz .....	24
DON'T FIRE THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. James Thurber .....	26
CINDERELLA: HERE'S HOW IT REALLY HAPPENED. Harry Bowley .....	66

### Fiction

BENEFIT OF DOUBT. Burt Sims .....	12
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### Special Departments

EDITORIALS .....	2
LONDON LETTER: THE BIGGEST PENNYWORTH IN THE WORLD. Beverley Baxter .....	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser .....	5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour .....	28
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE .....	30
FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS: THE ASSASSIN ON PARLIAMENT HILL .....	37
MAILBAG .....	68
WIT AND WISDOM .....	71
PARADE .....	72

### PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By Miller (page 4), Toronto Star (7, 8, 9), Malak (10, 11), Victor Bull, Moose Jaw Times Herald (14), CPR (15), Acme (16), Keystone (17), Underwood & Underwood (18, 19), Ken Bell (22, 23), Peter Croydon (24), Wide World (28).

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## She slammed her hat down between them

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They got along famously at dinner. But later, sitting side-by-side in the club car, she seemed vaguely annoyed. What had he said? What had he done? He simply couldn't understand why she treated him so shabbily.

## It could happen to you

No matter what other good points a man may have, they can be nullified by halitosis\* (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next, without your realizing when you have it. So play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date.

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## LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter

## THE BIGGEST PENNYWORTH IN THE WORLD

EVERYONE who lives in a vast metropolis like London, Paris or New York periodically asks himself the simple question—Why? Compare, if you like, London, Ont., and London, Eng.

Ontario's London has a university, a river Thames, a Piccadilly, a Regent Street and yet the countryside is within a few minutes of these points. There are comfortable houses which are warm in the winter and shadily cool in the summer. To play golf one has only to motor a little time and the game has begun. Within reason, everyone knows everyone else although, as in all democracies, there are layers of society, and the element of wealth remains a barometer that sets the social temperature.

To educate your children in this charming spot there is an excellent university where everything, including journalism, can be learned, or at any rate is taught. I still doubt if journalism can be learned; it is either in you or it isn't.

Then why not live in Canada's London instead of this sprawling monstrosity on the banks of the Thames? Sometimes when it is raining, and it is usually raining, and one sees the patient queues of people waiting for the splashing bus to arrive one wonders how the men and women stand the strain. Then there are the three million people who come into London six mornings a week by train and go home each evening by the same means. Think of the monotony and the repetition of it all.

Yet, in spite of the discomforts of life in a metropolis, few of us would

willingly live any place else. It may seem odd but it is true.

Two things I'd miss enormously if I had to live in London, Ont.—the newspapers and the theatre, in spite of the fact that in that particular Canadian city the London Free Press is a most admirable journal, and there is also a well-equipped small theatre.

Let me make a confession. An unbiased newspaper does not interest me. The very origin of newspapers was the pamphlet in which someone wanted to force his views upon his fellows. The news came later.

Every week-day morning there arrives before breakfast at my house: The Times, Daily Telegraph, Daily Mail, Daily Express, News-Chronicle, Daily Herald, the two picture papers (Graphic and Mirror) and finally the Communist Daily Worker. On Sunday we take the Observer, Sunday Times, Sunday Express, Sunday Dispatch, Sunday Chronicle, Reynold's News, People, News of the World and the two tabloids, Graphic and Pictorial.

Admittedly the main news items are much the same in them all and the papers are small in size compared with standards in the U. S. or in other Commonwealth countries, but even so one could not hope to read the contents of the lot of them. But I want to see the world through their differing lenses. I want the Conservative point of view, the Liberal and Socialist points of view, the harsh strained hatred of the Communist point of view, as well as the sober balanced comments of The Times.

Also, in the realm of entertainment and the arts, Continued on page 52



## BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

### The Liberals Have Quebec Trouble Too

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

**P**ROGRESSIVE Conservatives are not the only ones to have trouble keeping Quebec and federal spokesmen in harmony. Even the omnipotent Liberals have had a little difficulty lately. With them it was Ottawa, not Quebec—in fact, none other than Prime Minister St. Laurent himself—who made the heretical statement.

Inside Quebec the provincial Liberals have been hammering for years against Premier Duplessis' deal with American mining interests on the iron mines of Ungava. Quebec Liberal leader Georges Lapalme has represented this as a base betrayal, a sell-out, a callous and soulless sacrifice of Canadian interests for American gold.

In parliament not long ago, in debate on a CCF motion about the exploitation of natural resources, Prime Minister St. Laurent remarked that he thought development of Ungava iron ore by American capital was a fine thing. St. Laurent was speaking, of course, on the general principle of encouraging foreign investment in Canada. He did not mean, nor did he say specifically, that the Duplessis Government had necessarily made the best possible bargain. However, his remark set off a chain reaction in Quebec.

Union Nationale spokesmen crowded with glee. Look, they cried, even St. Laurent agrees with us. Even St. Laurent thinks Lapalme is seeing a bogeyman under the bed. St. Laurent backs Duplessis.

Poor Lapalme felt he had had the rug pulled out from under him. A good many Quebec MPs agreed. Indignation against the Prime Mini-

ster is seldom expressed to his face, but St. Laurent soon discovered his followers were boiling mad. In Quebec it was openly suggested, by adherents of both parties, that this was proof of a "St. Laurent-Duplessis Axis"—a private pact to leave Quebec to the Union Nationale in provincial affairs in return for Duplessis neutrality in federal elections.

It's an open secret that the Duplessis forces would like such a deal. They had their fingers badly burned in the 1949 election when they supported George Drew, and they have probably written off the Progressive Conservatives anyway. If they could make a non-aggression pact with the Liberals they'd really be getting something for nothing.

Actually, of course, no such deal has been made by the Liberals—there's nothing in it for them, from any point of view. But individual MPs in individual ridings sometimes arrange private cease-fire proposals with the enemy, and this practice would naturally be encouraged by rumors of an "axis" at the top.

On the other hand, the difference of view between St. Laurent and Lapalme is genuine, not to be smoothed over by "clarifications" or even retractions. Emotionally, at least, Lapalme is a Canadian nationalist who hates to see any kind of foreigner, even those from the right bank of the Ottawa River or the west end of Montreal, making money out of Quebec's resources. St. Laurent is an internationalist in the full sense of the word, who wants to see things done for the general interest and doesn't care who gets credit for it.

A month ago *Continued on page 70*



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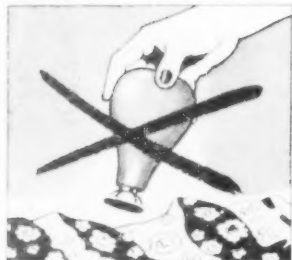


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# My Friend Guay, the Murderer

**In the most diabolical crime of our time  
a twisted little back-street show-off  
murdered twenty-three people  
to get rid of an unwanted wife.  
Quebec's best-known novelist knew Albert Guay  
as a man who wanted the moon  
but got a hangman's noose.  
Here he tells for the first time  
the sombre, shocking story  
of his next-door neighbor**

**By ROGER LEMELIN**



**O**N THE afternoon of Sept. 9, 1949, a Canadian Pacific Airlines DC-3 left Quebec City with twenty-three people aboard, heading for Baie Comeau, a lumber town 220 miles to the northeast. Above Sault-au-Cochon, forty-one miles out of Quebec City, the plane exploded like an electric light bulb. All the passengers were killed.

Ten days later a Quebec woman, Marguerite Pitre, who was recovering in hospital after having tried to commit suicide, told police she had put a package aboard the plane on behalf of a young Quebec jeweler, Joseph Albert Guay, whose wife Rita Morel was among the victims. Guay was arrested for the most horrible mass murder in the history of crime in North America.

Since then the details of the murder and the trials have filled the front pages of the nation's newspapers. Albert Guay has been hanged. Marguerite Pitre, who delivered the time-bomb which destroyed the plane, and her crippled brother G n reux Ruest, who manufactured it, have been condemned to die for complicity in the murder. Both have appealed the death sentence.

One question has been asked time and again since the incredible news first became known: How could a man, no different from any that you might meet on the streets of any town at any time, conceive and carry out such a murder—as useless as it was diabolical?

Of all the journalists who had dealings with him I am the only one who knew Joseph Albert Guay well before the catastrophe. I believe that I can lift one corner of the veil which hides this mystery by revealing certain aspects of his character which *did* set him apart from his fellows.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of Sept. 9, I turned on the radio in my car and heard the first news of the crash. When the announcer read the name of Rita Morel, wife of Joseph Albert Guay, jeweler, among the victims of the accident, I experienced such a shock that I had to pull my car into the curb. The plane, according to the broadcast, had simply disintegrated in mid-air, as though it had been blown up by dynamite.

The first thought that came to my mind was: "Why, that's Albert's wife!" And, incredible as it may seem looking back, my second reaction was: "Albert had something to do with that explosion."

The fact that I had instantly and almost instinctively suspected Albert scared me. I started my car but instead of turning in the direction of the Sillery, where I have lived since my marriage, I drove to Lower Town and the St. Sauveur district, where I had lived for the great part of my life and where Albert Guay had lived for eight years.

During these years Guay and his wife had been

neighbors of mine on the opposite side of the street. We had dealt with the same grocer, Pat Allen, patronized the same printer, Victor Tardif, and Guay was a member of the little club where I played poker. I was curious to know what the grocer, the printer and the poker players thought of the accident.

I went into Pat Allen's store. Pat came running toward me. His manner was distracted; he pulled me behind some sacks of potatoes and whispered to me, "I think Albert might have blown up that plane." Some of the poker players came in and joined us at the back of the store. The same idea had occurred to all of them—that Albert was responsible for the crash.

How was it that these people could without hesitation believe Guay guilty of so fiendish a murder? These were sensible people; they knew Guay well, knew his charming character, his generosity, his good manners, his childish boasting. Ignorant as they were of even the slightest knowledge of psychology, they were well enough acquainted with this highly strung jeweler, who on the surface appeared not a bad fellow, to believe him quite capable of anything at all. Here then is what all of us, and I in particular, knew of him.

Joseph Albert Guay was the youngest of a family of five. His father died when the boy was still

## While he plotted his wife's murder Albert bought her flowers. He wept at her funeral and said nobody was monstrous enough to blow up a plane

very young. His mother's favorite, he was a thoroughly spoiled child. If he wanted a bicycle he got one. Heaven help the teacher who dared scold him. Madame Guay would rush to the school and hurl abuse at the unfortunate instructor. Candies and toys seemed to have been invented especially for Albert. He was raised with the idea that nothing could ever be refused him. The most important thing in the world was that his every caprice should be satisfied. Even as a young child he would quite willingly have murdered every one of his little friends if he had wanted the moon and someone had offered it to him on that condition.

By the time he was sixteen Albert was spoiled beyond redemption. He began to hang out in pool halls and to lead the life of the gay young man-about-town. To keep himself supplied with cash he sold watches and other jewelry on commission. When the war broke out he was taken on at the Canadian Arsenals Limited at St. Malo, where his job consisted of watching a grinding machine. Here he earned forty dollars a week.

In spite of his youthful extravagances, Albert was always neatly dressed, had good manners, and his thin face was that of the successful adolescent. His self-important manner, his air of assurance and the Mercury sedan he drove to work made him popular with the girls who worked in the arsenal and with whom he went out on gay parties in the evenings.

Of all these girls Rita Morel was by far the prettiest. With her great dark eyes of Andalusian beauty, a sensual mouth, fine teeth and magnificent black hair, she was far and away the most attractive girl in the factory, though she was slightly plump and rather short. Passionately in love with her, Albert decided she was for no one but him. In Quebec that means marriage. As irresponsible then as he was to show himself all his life, Albert married Rita.

I shall always remember that spring morning when the happy couple, followed by a crowd of singing, laughing wedding guests, appeared suddenly in the Rue Colomb where I then lived to inspect their apartment opposite my house. Joseph Albert was wearing evening dress complete with top hat, a garb rarely seen at a working-class wedding. I was struck by that fact. "There's a bluffer," I thought. On the day of his marriage he resembled nothing quite so much as a boy playing at weddings.

My acquaintance with Guay and his wife dated from that day. One other thing that impressed me from the beginning was the great show of affection he put on. Each noon Rita would come down to the sidewalk with Albert where, in full view of all the neighborhood gossips, he would embrace her passionately and at great length in seeming emulation of a Hollywood

actor. He would kiss her and call her pet names. His way of embracing his wife before the eyes of the whole parish astonished and shocked the neighbors, who believed that kisses and demonstrations of affection were better indulged in private.

At the same time that he was demonstrating every symptom of a passionate attachment for his wife, he continued to go out on occasion with girls from the arsenal. Spoiled child as he was and would remain, he could not accept the idea that the possession of one woman robbed him of his right to have affairs with others. Yet Albert was jealous of Rita, who nevertheless was faithful to him. She had a way of looking at men that was at once exciting and inviting. She seemed always on the point of indulging in a flirtation. Some of my friends of that period tried flirting with her, without success.

One evening about five o'clock, when I was driving from work, I met Rita Morel in the Rue St. Joseph and, since we were bound in the same direction, offered to drive her home. In front of her door I stopped to let her out. Albert, in shirt sleeves, was leaning against the house, watching us in a sombre manner. He came up to me. His eyes were cast down; he always looked at the ground and his hands, never still, rattled the coins in his pockets. Guay said, "Roger, I'll give you a word of friendly advice. No more of that. That sort of thing can only end in tragedy."

He was given to such grandiloquence and would often engage in solemn conversations on morality and morals. Old women and priests loved to talk to him.

### A Role for Charlie Chaplin

Here is the picture that I have of him at that period. He was a thin young man, nervous, with the features of a tormented youth, often seeming preoccupied when talking as though he had on his mind a problem that it was most important he should solve. From time to time he would emerge suddenly from his abstraction and assume a solemn and authoritative manner. With his toes turned in and his hands in his pockets, he would play the part of Joe Know-It-All among the friends who gathered at the corner grocery or with whom he played poker. He would often take from his pocket a great roll of dollar bills and announce to everyone within earshot that he had a marvelous scheme that would make him very rich, very soon.

He liked to appear more prosperous than his neighbors, and I have often watched him on a Sunday with his wife, both in slacks, leaving our street

### Rita Morel Guay

When she interfered in her husband's love affair she signed her own death warrant.

### J. Albert Guay

By the time he was 16 he was hopelessly spoiled, but always popular with the girls.





for a gay outing in the country with a few friends; this in a parish where slacks are not worn and where few of the inhabitants own cars. He made a great impression on the neighbors. Another thing that struck me about him was the fact he always wore black shoes, very narrow and always highly polished. He paid a youngster twenty-five cents a week to shine his shoes every evening.

Guay was always in a hurry. He drove his car through the narrow streets of Lower Town the way a movie cowboy rides his horse. He always leaped out of his car to the sidewalk almost before it had come to a full stop.

He was interested in everything, talked of everything, yet knew nothing. He waved his thin hands as he talked to illustrate his conversation. He was completely irresponsible, imaginative yet devoid of any practical sense. He was the kind of man who, if he heard that the Chateau Frontenac was for sale and that a businessman was interested in buying it, would believe it was quite possible for him to act as an agent and so earn a fat commission without spending a single cent.

Albert Guay, in short, might have sat for the portrait of Monsieur Verdoux as played by Charlie Chaplin. Two men dwelt side by side within his frail body: the ambitious megalomaniac, devoid of any practical gifts to help him achieve his ends, and the sickly passionate lover.

I remember one Saturday afternoon when he decided to check and repair the engine of his car, though he must have known he was completely devoid of any mechanical ability. But the very action of borrowing a few tools and putting on mechanic's overalls seemed to convince him that he was quite capable of tearing down the motor and assembling it again. He poked around all afternoon among the valves and pistons, remaining serious under the jeering sallies of his wife. In the end he abandoned the job to a garage mechanic and went upstairs to supper, announcing that the carburetor needed cleaning.

Guay was afraid of blood. I recall an occasion on which he refused to watch a butcher chopping off a hen's head under the pretense that he "couldn't bear to watch an animal suffer." His great passion was for the dramas of human relationships. Frequently he would intervene in the domestic disputes of his neighbors in an effort to bring about a reconciliation. He was generous, loaned money freely to friends, and did not dun them for the return of loans. His

**Marie-Ange Robitaille** She left her family to live with Guay but in the court she wove a rope for his neck.



Génèreux Ruest, the crippled watchmaker, manufactured the time-bomb which wrecked the DC-3 (right). With his sister Marguerite Pitre, who delivered the bomb, he was sentenced to die for mass murder.



pose always was that some day he would be so rich that small losses of that sort would be unimportant. It was easy for him to do good turns. He often got out of bed in the middle of the night to drive seriously ill neighbors who were too poor to pay for a taxi to the hospital.

A man who is living beyond his means in this manner, who owns a car and is given to generous gestures, obviously cannot live on forty dollars a week. A few months after his marriage every householder in the parish received a business card signed "Joseph Albert Guay, Jeweler." That was the first time any of us had ever heard that he was a jeweler.

### The Man Who Made Gadgets

He appeared as sure of his ability to repair watches as he had once appeared certain of his skill as a mechanic. Naturally he kept his job in the war factory and he repaired the watches in the evenings at home. At least that is what he said. Actually, he was not at all interested in repairing watches and would send them out to jewelers to be fixed, marking the price up to his advantage. He liked to have his customers believe that a watch in trouble was a mysterious and important thing and that the price could be determined only after the watch had been thoroughly examined and repairs had been completed.

It was in this way that he was later to engage the services of Génèreux Ruest. I knew Ruest too.

I remember one night, a few months before the crash, when I went to the St. Sauveur district of Lower Town to play poker with some old friends. During the game I noticed my wrist watch was broken and later I crossed the street to where Albert Guay had opened a small jewelry store in 1945 and asked him to look at it for me.

"Let's take it and show it to Génèreux," he said and took me into the back shop where he introduced me to the hawk-faced cripple. It was a familiar face to me and I said, "Do you remember me, Génèreux?" Ruest nodded and his lips parted in a thin smile.

Fifteen years before, when I was recovering from pleurisy in a public ward in hospital, there was a patient in the bed next to me whom I shall never forget. In the first place he had an odd name—Génèreux Ruest. Then, not only did he repair the watches of the other patients with remarkable skill, but he displayed an extraordinary aptitude for anything mechanical. He spent the long days constructing various small and ingenious machines of his own invention. For example, wires connected his alarm clock to his radio in such a way that the alarm clock, instead of ringing, turned on the radio at exactly eight o'clock.

Finally, Génèreux Ruest suffered from an incurable malady. He had tuberculosis in both hips, and he would never walk again.

Guay's specialty was the sale of watches on credit to his fellow workers in the arsenal and his neighbors in the parish. In 1943 I left with him a Roamer watch with the spring broken. Two months later he had not returned it to me. I asked him about it and he told me laughingly, "Your watch had such a complicated movement that I had to send it to New York." Finally he told me the New York experts had telephoned him to say that the watch was useless. In telling me this he had such a serious manner that I could not get annoyed with him. But from that moment on I realized that he was not honest. Later he gave me ten dollars for the lost watch.

One Saturday evening in July 1944, about midnight, Guay returned home with his wife. A few moments later he came rushing downstairs, waving his arms in the air and yelling, "I've been robbed. Somebody has stolen a thousand dollars' worth of watches from me." The lock of his door had been forced. The thief was never discovered and the insurance company had to pay up. Guay had great faith in insurance companies. In the next two years he was robbed four or five times. People began to look on him with suspicion but Albert continued to hold his head high.

On Sunday mornings, arm in arm

Continued on page 63

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

PHOTOS BY MALAK



J. R. Garland, 500-pound MP for Nipissing, and fellow Liberal A. W. Stuart, of Charlotte-St. Andrew's, N.B., dine in a members' room. Steaks served by waitress Edith Beale are not on regular 75-cent luncheon.

## The Best 75-Cent Meal in the Country

With a choice of the best food money can buy, at prices to make your mouth water, Canada's MPs and their friends usually order meat and potatoes in Ottawa's Parliamentary Restaurant. You as a taxpayer pick up part of every check but you can't eat there unless you're invited

**I**N A TINY glass box of an office, hidden beyond the service doors of the Parliamentary Restaurant on the sixth floor of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings, there is a broken heart.

It belongs to Chef Louis Martin. He puts on a brave front to the world, but sometimes when the orders for meat and potatoes, meat and potatoes, rise to gargantuan proportions he reaches into the bottom drawer of his small cluttered desk and leafs slowly through some ragged yellowing notebooks. They are filled to the last page with curlicued, leisurely, now-fading script.

"These," Chef Martin will sigh, "are my father's recipes—when he was the Chef to Edward VII. Here, I have added some—from the days I was with Lyons of London . . ."

Abruptly he will stop his mellow reminiscing and say crisply, "Not much use for them here. The members are heavy steak eaters. Meat and potatoes—that's the preference."

Chef Martin should know. He has held sway over the outdated, inconvenient kitchen of the Parliamentary Restaurant since 1922. He knows the gastronomic preferences of four prime ministers and members of their cabinets, of the member for Skeena, B.C., and for Halifax, N.S., not to mention their wives. But he will not divulge these culinary secrets.

"This," he'll say suavely, "is a city where it is not safe or wise to tell anything. I do not believe I would be fulfilling my position correctly were I to tell anything."

In this diplomatic aura the restaurant which has been called the only place in the country where you can get a \$2.50 meal for 75 cents caters to an exclusive circle of clients while parliament is in session. It loses from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year (total expenditure for 1950: \$40,286.15) and the deficit is covered by government grant. It is one of the few places in the buildings most of the 300,000 annual visitors seldom see, being exclusively for the use of members of parliament, senators, top civil servants and parliamentary press gallery correspondents.

The members and senators have guest privileges. Sometimes their visitors walk off with the cutlery, stamped with the Canadian crest. Once a visiting constituent almost walked off with his host's job. A Maritime member finished a tour of the buildings with a luncheon at the restaurant for his sight-seeing constituents. One envious unawed visitor settled down to the good three-course meal with the exclamation: "All this food for 75 cents! You have a pretty soft pitch here." Then he went back to the Maritimes and began a vigorous campaign to take over the member's seat. "A soft pitch, my word!" the member reflected. "That luncheon nearly cost me my job."

Press gallery men and their wives, deputy ministers and their wives, and the ministers' private secretaries complete the list of those permitted to use the restaurant. They used to be able to bring guests too but technically they now have no such privileges, though this rule is not strictly followed. It was laid down after the late Major-General A. D. McRae, a B. C. senator, stomped in one day from a late caucus to find the restaurant jammed. To his irate eye there were visitors at every table. And he was hungry. He strode to the middle of the arched dining room, threw back his head and roared: "This has got to stop!"

In due Ottawa time his complaint came before the joint committee of the restaurant, elected each year from members of parliament and senators. Their chairman, the Speaker of the House, took their decision to the Sergeant-at-Arms, who spoke to the manager of the restaurant, who instructed the hostesses, who told the waitresses to keep a sharp eye on any infraction of the new rule that only MPs and senators could entertain guests.

There are few interlopers. If a waitress spies a stranger she reports her suspicions and the diner is spoken to softly. He seldom comes back. Occasionally abrupt Briton William Jennings, the



manager, will tick off a newspaperman entertaining friends.

The restaurant is a long room facing a closed Gothic court on the right. The western windows open to a view of the two provinces to the left. From here is a leafy view of Ottawa in Ontario. Hull, on the Quebec side across the Ottawa River, huddles below the blue ridges of the Rideaus. Smokestacks and church steeples spike the scene; three bridges span the churning Chaudière Falls and climb the river, which disappears into the hills. In the winter frost flowers scratch the windows; in the summer windows are thrown open to the soft scents of the leafy Hill and the resinous clean smell of fresh logs floating downstream.

Within the restaurant the echoes of the centre cupolas snap back phrases that span the country.

Here you can overhear talk of British Columbia's next ten boom years from the table of the member for Coast-Capilano, tall and rugged James Sinclair. Chubby bland Solon Low, leader of the Social Credit Party, member for Peace River, Alta., will always know the latest oil news from his rich prairie preserves; potatoes or other parochial topics enliven the table talk of Chester McLure of P. E. I.; lean erudite John Diefenbaker, sharp and hard-speaking in the House, will turn soft at the talk of prairie springs, while handsome young Robert Winter, Minister of Resources, grows nostalgic at the mention of the windswept Nova Scotia towns that are home to him.

At the reporters' table Austin Cross will have Ottawa gossip at his finger tips while mercurial Dillon O'Leary, massaging his wiry red hair, will worry about deadlines for the far Vancouver Sun,

at the same time that Evelyn Tufts, veteran correspondent for the Halifax Herald, worries about Atlantic timetables. Sometimes Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, suave, dignified, with the air of a diplomat visiting politicians, will walk the length of the dining room to the cabinet table at the far left alcove and a little flurry of French will swirl sonorously after him.

And every now and then, especially in the spring when new succulent syrup flows in the Quebec maple glades, massive, majestic Senator Cyrille Vaillancourt will move slowly from table to table with a jug of new syrup. "Ice cream without maple syrup? It is not possible, madame! Pancakes with maple syrup? Formidable, mon vieux."

### For Once the CCF is Centre

When the manager, the Sergeant-at-Arms or the Speaker talks of the "Parliamentary Restaurant" he does not mean only the dining room (seating capacity 255), but also the cafeteria two floors below and catering to private dining rooms, the prime ministers' suite, banquets in caucus or committee rooms. Busy members sometimes have meals in their offices.

But the dining room is the showpiece. The arched alcoves are preferred seats. Some tables in mid-floor under a series of echo-sensitive domes are freak spots which pick up your words and fling them to unsuspecting ears. You may be innocently concerned with a menu when suddenly, clear as a staticless radio, a conversation from a table half the room away bangs down from the ceiling. One story goes that when Agnes MacPhail was a

member she was entertaining some dignified women guests and suddenly got a rousing string of oaths from a stag table some distance away. There are also fables that party secrets have been given away via the domes, but that may be just contagious Ottawa gossip—also dome-spread.

An unwritten rule congregates French-speaking MPs on the east side, Progressive Conservatives on the west. For once the CCFers find themselves in the centre, at the mid-floor tables. The cabinet ministers—also by habit, not by regulation—congregate at the alcove in the far left-hand corner. The honorable ministers are said to play what is known as "the Parliamentary Game" when the mood is on them. This could be also called "You Pick Up the Check, Chum." What happens is somebody crosses off a letter, say "P," in the menu and turns it upside down. The person on his left starts the alphabet, and each in turn gives a letter. Whoever happens on "P" pays.

Once, the story goes, they rigged the game against Paul Martin, Minister of Health and Welfare, who is known to be careful with his money. Baffled, he paid and paid for a couple of days.

For breakfast the MPs have a choice of fruit or juice, ham or bacon and two eggs, or pancakes, or fish, toast, lots of butter, jam and marmalade and coffee, for 45 cents. Sometimes the Speaker of the House, military-brisk, handsome W. R. MacDonald, who lives at the Chateau Laurier during the session, drops in for his morning porridge. Lunch and dinner at 75 cents have comparable menus except that at lunch there is a handsome cold buffet table which has everything from glazed ham to cold

*Continued on page 50*



C. D. Howe (left) neglects his food for table talk with Canada's defense leaders Bud Drury (facing camera), Brooke Claxton and General Foulkes.

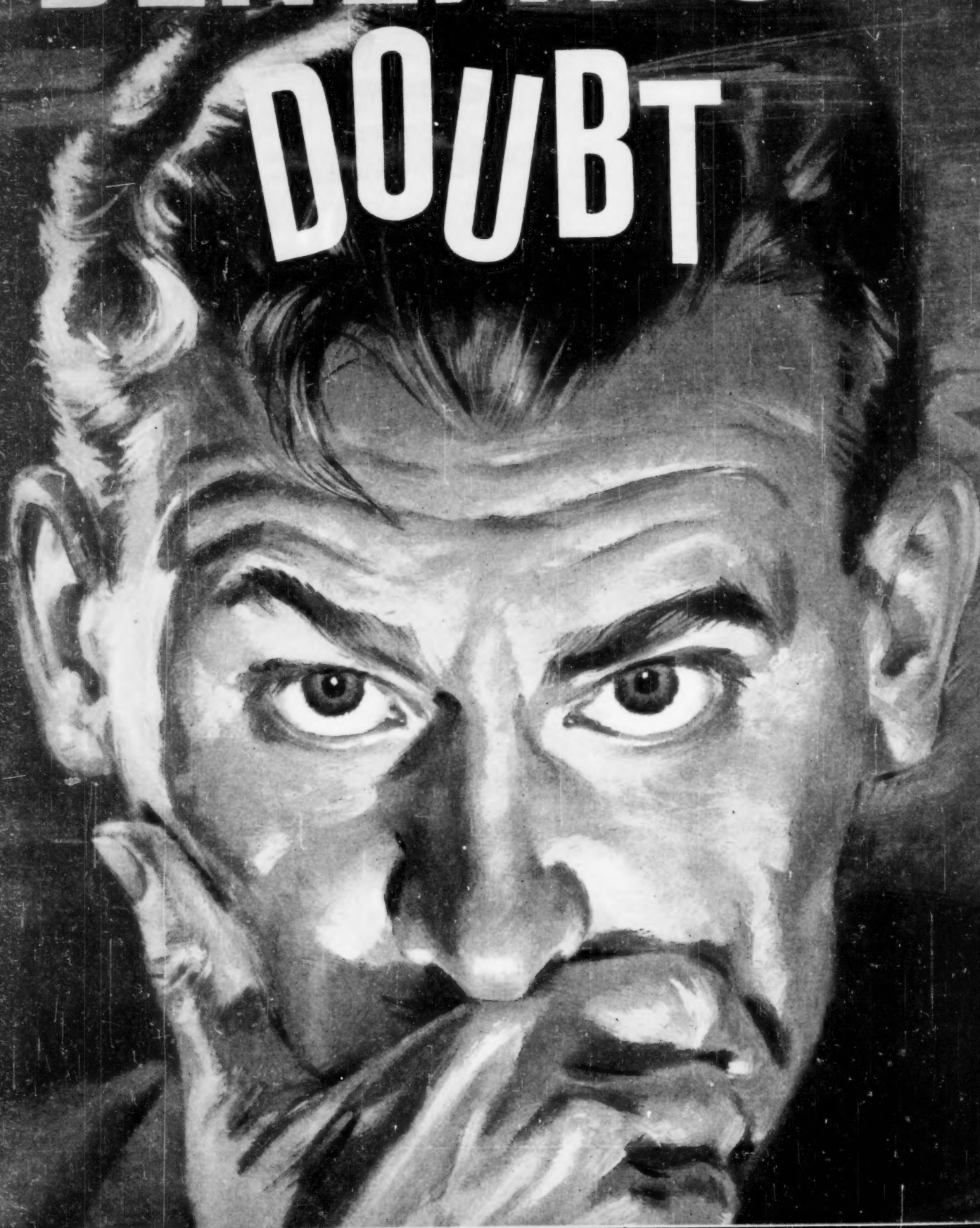


Rev. Dan Melvor, Fort William MP, lines up in cafeteria beside cashier Iris Hackett. Sometimes a steno with tea and buns bumps into a minister.

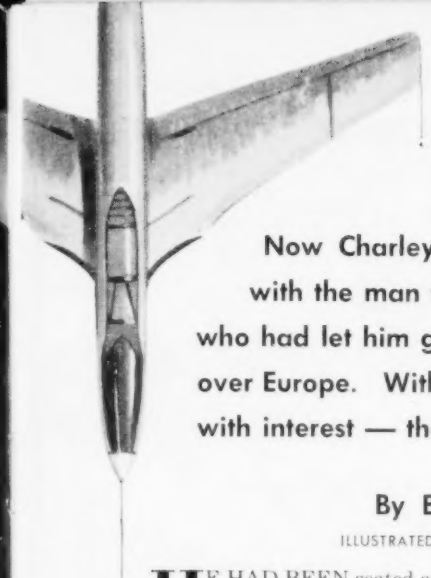


The domes of the main dining room are notorious for throwing voices. Diner here is F. E. Lennard, MP for Wentworth. That's manager Jennings at right.

# BENEFIT OF DOUBT







Now Charley could even the score  
with the man who had failed him six years ago,  
who had let him go to searing death in the raid  
over Europe. With a few words he would collect that debt  
with interest — the love of a woman

By BURT SIMS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM BOOK

HE HAD BEEN seated at the bar for perhaps an hour, listening to the juke box, drinking slowly and just watching the people. He liked to just watch the people, because it had been a long time and he still was getting used to how it is, away from a hospital.

He was idly making wet patterns with his glass, his dark face sober, when a hand clapped him on the shoulder and a voice thick with shock blurted, "Charley—Charley Neal!"

He turned quickly, and Hank Meladey, standing there with a girl, was saying, "I don't believe it. Right here in front of me, and I don't believe it." His voice was taut. "Last time I saw you, you were going down—on fire." He wet his lips. "I looked and looked—but I didn't see a chute."

The thrumming was going full blast in Charley, like a harp string viciously plucked. He put his back against the bar, because the first impulse was savage. In a moment he said evenly, as though it had been only yesterday, "I fell four miles before I could get out. The canopy was jammed."

He had thought of it, at first, as something over twenty thousand feet. But as time wore on and the bitterness festered, miles became the only word to describe the length of that nightmare.

An odd silence lay between them. They had not shaken hands. Charley felt the thrumming ease off into a strange, rewarding satisfaction. This, finally, was to be the end of a long and devious line, and he was going to be Number One to land.

Where he had been, he had learned to wait. He had known that, somehow, he would meet Hank Meladey again. Now he had—and he could wait a little longer.

The girl was regarding Charley with interest. He was a stocky, deep-chested young man with rebellious black hair and faint sardonic lines around his mouth. "A family reunion?" Like an afterthought, she hung a nice smile on the end of it.

"Something like that. Hank was my Number Two, once upon a very hot time." He blew out a breath. "The war before last . . . you know what a Number Two was? He was the guy supposed to protect you while you did a little shooting; supposed to help you look; supposed to keep the other Jerries off your back." He had control again. "Isn't that right, Hank?"

Meladey's squarish face reddened. The girl put a hand lightly on his arm, and gazed at Charley with speculation, as though he might hold a number of unpleasant surprises. She was slender, not too tall, with dark, well-brushed hair and calm hazel eyes. "You sound bitter, friend. Are you a little tight, or maybe something?"

"I'm a little maybe something. That's a nice uniform, Hank. So you finally made squadron leader. Remember what we used to say? 'All you have to do is last.' Remember?"

"Look, Charley—"

The girl shook her head. "Someone has been giving you quite a beating, haven't they?"

Meladey's face was unhappy. "Charley, let's skip it for now. It's been a long time—"

"Six years."

The girl said, "After all this it occurs to me that this possibly is the Charley Neal. Charley the Great. 'We were like brothers,' " she recalled from someone else's conversation. "What a guy—"

The words trailed off, but none of her subtle sarcasm was lost. Even in this situation, Charley had to admire her. He had been rough on her boyfriend, perhaps—but she still danced with the guy who had brought her.

Continued on page 34





Mayor Louis (Scoop) Lewry welcomed the Windsors in passing last year.

## MOOSE JAW: *Playboy of the Prairies*

It's been called a lot of things in the past fifty years — but never dull. People seldom go short of fun in the little city with the funny name where a cow was once the guest of honor at a banquet and the mayor is a pillow-fighting champion



The Alberta-Wisconsin oil pipeline branches off to progressive Moose Jaw.



By GEORGE HILLYARD ROBERTSON

FOUR years ago three students on summer holidays from the University of Kentucky decided to take a trip. They pored over a map of North America until they came across a spot marked Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Intrigued by the colorful name they pooled their resources, amounting to ninety dollars, piled into a 1924 Model T and, without further thought or enquiry, motored 1,800 miles northwest to investigate.

No matter what system they'd used, the three students couldn't have made a better choice. When they arrived with \$55 of their original stake they were entertained royally by the Moose Jaw Chamber of Commerce, room and board was arranged during their stay and they were given an official send-off for the return journey.

This was typical of the city whose name rates in anecdote with Timbaktu, Medicine Hat and Albuquerque. Moose Jaw is young, friendly and lively. As a city it isn't quite as old as this century, but in its time it has seen more scandal and excitement than other cities twice its age and many times its size. It has been variously described as the cleanest, wickedest, most progressive, most static, most sensible, wildest town in the West. Through it all Moose Jaw has maintained an unrivaled reputation of community spirit.

One description it has never earned is "dull." A few years ago one citizen who apparently feared the tempo was becoming slow carried two six-shooters into the Moose Jaw Club, the city's most exclusive gathering place, and shot up the bar.





Main Street, Moose Jaw. This hundred-foot thoroughfare and the river parks are the city's pride.

Members merely raised their eyebrows, put it down as good clean fun, footed the bill for damages and calmly forgot about the incident.

Once, at a banquet in the Grant Hall hotel, a prize-winning cow was guest of honor.

Most of the 26,000 people who live in Moose Jaw have grown up in a tradition of strange behavior, from elaborate good-natured practical jokes to Chicago-style gangsterism. There was a time when the city was notorious as the headquarters of one of the liveliest multi-vice rings in Canada. Last November it re-elected a mayor who in his first term became pillow-fighting champion of the province. Twenty years ago many residents joined the Roman Catholic-baiting Ku Klux Klan and burned fiery crosses on the city's outskirts. Yet last year, when an unemployed French-speaking Catholic's home burned to the ground, a public appeal raised more than enough money to build and furnish another one for him.

Any Moose Jaw citizen knows that a good rollicking party merits more attention than a board meeting, but every Thursday afternoon townfolk gather in the mayor's office to tell him how to run the city's business.

Business or pleasure, good times or bad, the people of Moose Jaw live with a zest and spirit as big and free as the country around them.

The reasons for this civic abandon are not easy to guess. The population is estimated to be ninety percent British stock—never noted for uninhibited behavior. Some suggest it's because Moose Jaw is

not far removed from pioneer days; but sister cities Regina and Saskatoon, which started about the same time, have grown staid and prosy by Moose Jaw standards. It may be that Moose Jaw lives more by itself than most cities, having maintained much the same population for 25 years (it gained only 3,000 from 1920 to 1945).

If you ask affable pink-cheeked Syd Boyling, manager of Moose Jaw radio station CHAB, what distinguishes this city from others, he'll tell you: "Some cities have a fine location or fine buildings; Moose Jaw has fine people."

Even so, Moose Jaw is more fortunate than most prairie cities in its location. Surrounded by bumpy rolling terrain, unlike the table-flat land that dominates the rest of south-central Saskatchewan, the city nestles in the valley of the Moose Jaw River at the junction with muddy twisting Thunder Creek. While the buildings may lack classic lines, structures like the Robin Hood Flour Mill and the Saskatchewan Seed Growers' 16-story seed-cleaning plant along the top ridge of the valley give Moose Jaw a skyline few small prairie cities can boast.

### The Name Sells the City

Town planners have put the river to good use and four of the city's six parks straddle the slow winding stream. The city itself sprawls leisurely north of the river, split by one of Canada's widest main streets (100 feet across), which slopes gently

up from the riverside CPR depot to the suburbs and two golf courses a mile north. The squat buildings which flank Main Street on either side (two five-story business blocks are the tallest), plus the absence of overhead cables, give an unlimited view of prairie-blue sky.

No one is sure where the name Moose Jaw came from. Its first recorded appearance was on a map drawn in 1857 by western explorer Captain W. Palliser. At that time it was a Cree settlement on the banks of a river "shaped like the jawbone of a moose." There is a legend that the name comes from an Indian word meaning "the place where the white man mended the cart wheel with the jawbone of a moose." The Indian name for the settlement was "Moosichapishanissippi" and Moose Jaw citizens with an agile tongue will sometimes describe themselves as "Moosichapishanissippians." The official title is an equally unwieldy "Moose Jaw-ites."

From time to time young heretics have tried to change the name (Wheaton and Friendly City were suggested as alternatives) but a hard core of original settlers always succeeded in killing off the euphonists' campaigns before they were properly launched. Today a new generation is aware that the oddness of the city's name is exploitable, and they're all for keeping it.

In a city so proud of its curious name you might expect to find at least one live representative of the animal from which the title comes. But, alas, there are no moose in

*Continued on page 54*

# WE FOUND THE LAST WILD

By RICHMOND P. HOBSON JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY MURRAY SMITH



The ground shook and trembled with pounding hoofs and dark plunging bodies crashed through the camp.

## WHAT HAS HAPPENED

One day in 1934 Rich Hobson and his cowboy partner Panhandle Phillips decided to set out for the unmapped Blackwater River region of northern B. C. where, legend said, the greatest cattle range on the continent lay untouched for the taking. They reach the threshold of this blank space on the map—the forbidding Anahim Lake country, a weird backland of steaming swamps, loon-haunted lakes, and thick spruce jungles, where men in moose-hide clothing tame wild horses for a living. Here, at the ranch of Cyrus Lord Bryant, they spend the winter getting a string of pack horses together, ready to breast the crags of the Itcha and Algak mountain barriers which bar their way.

## PART TWO

PAN AND I had just sixty-eight dollars between us.

"I don't know how in the hell we're going to finance grub, machinery and equipment purchases if we find anything behind those mountains," I said to Pan. "We're in so deep now that we couldn't buy a return ticket back to Wyoming."

Pan snorted loudly. "Friend," he said, "ya never want to worry about that long green. There ain't no place to spend it back there behind those Itchas. When the time comes and we need a little cash we'll figure out a way to get hold of some."

Young Tommy Holte offered to throw in with us. He had just returned from his first trip to town, a 450-mile round trip to Williams Lake, on a saddle horse. Here, in feeling if not in fact, he had nearly drowned in a bathtub and been run over by a bicycle. When he was escorted out of a beer parlor for being under age, Tommy rode away

vowing that this was the first and last city he'd ever visit.

"Now," said Tommy, "I want to get back in the bush as far as I can from this here civilization."

It was on the 10th of May, the day before our pack train's departure into the no-know land, that our horse camp broke into wild confusion. A body of moose-hide horsemen galloped toward us clear of a fast-moving buckboard onto which was lashed a barrel of "Itcha Mountain Fog." In the custom of these backlands, the men had ridden miles from their homes to see their friends off on what they knew would be a long and hard trip.

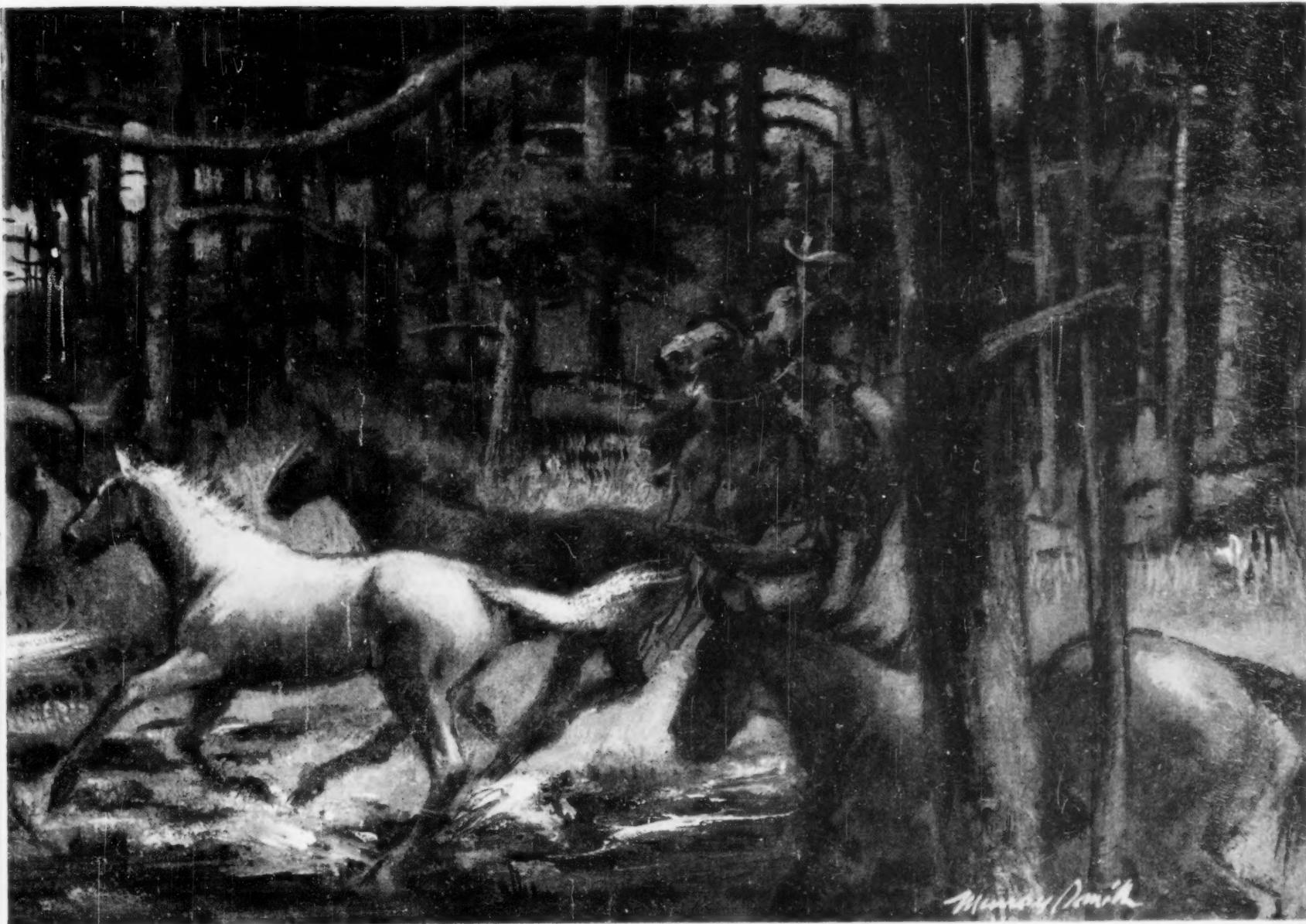
At the saddle shed one of the men set to work mending our pack-saddle rigging and latigos, a cup of "Fog" beside him. Out at the corrals three others helped Pan finish the heavy job of shoeing and rock-packing the bronzes we were going to pack. Alfred and Cyrus Lord Bryant helped me sort food and equipment into 200-pound pack units.

Before dark we were completely organized and



# WEST

How ornery can a pack horse get? In the night the whole train pulled stakes and headed for home—150 miles away. The cowboys found them and herded them back in a 70-mile drive. Then they pushed into a fantastic world of muskeg and spruce about which their map could tell them nothing



every man had studied my grub and equipment list to be sure we had forgotten nothing. Strangely enough one terrifically important item was overlooked by everyone—mosquito dope and mosquito netting—and Pan, Tommy and myself were later to pay mightily for this omission.

The first night we halted our pack train on the edge of a slough-grass swamp meadow, rimmed by clumps of red willows and jack pine. "A good place to camp," explained Pan. "Lots of feed and water and we've made a good 10 miles. Enough for soft pack horses."

"Get a couple of buckets and start packin' me water," he said. "I'm gonna pour a bucket of cold water over each cayuse's back before we turn 'em loose. Once a cayuse gets a sore, a packer might as well figure he's dead flesh for the time being. This cold water and a good rubbing down at the end of each day cuts down the sore back danger maybe fifty per cent and not only hardens their backs but stops any swelling." Since then

I have noticed that Pan has less sore backs in his string than many oldtime packers.

I was awakened suddenly by Pan shaking me and shouting. "Roll out! The horses must have pulled. Not a bell ringin'!"

But all our saddle horses hadn't gone. In the pale-yellow light of dawn Pan brewed coffee and we drank it. Then he and Tommy rode off along the edge of the meadow.

The disturbing thought crossed my mind that some of the horses might have struck out for their home range, more than 150 miles away. Later I became convinced that this was exactly what had happened. I realized only too well that horses will pull out for home range early in the spring, even if their feed is good.

All day I listened in vain for bells. My supper of dried moose meat didn't tempt me. I crawled into bed under a spruce tree and spent an uneasy night. And then all at once the ground shook and trembled with pounding hoofs. I rolled over in

my bed and sat up half dazed. Dark plunging bodies crashed through camp.

Pan and Tommy staggered wearily to the fire and sank heavily to the ground. "We got 'em all. It was a hell of a trip. We've rode 70 miles for them ornery cayuses," Pan said. His long dark face was lined and haggard and he looked 10 years older than his 26 years. Both men's faces were scratched and cut by limbs, bushes and snags.

Pan had an annoying habit of never admitting he had made a mistake. Now I wondered how he would manage to prove to us that this near collapse of the expedition was a good thing. I winked at Tommy and said, "How about a few words of wisdom from the Top Hand? This is one crazy mistake that all three of us made, and this is also one time when Pan is stumped."

Tommy laughed. Pan turned to him. "Rich here has got a blood clot on the head for sure. He doesn't realize that the best damn thing that every happened to

*Continued on page 58*

# THE DAY HALIFAX BLEW UP

A dockside telegraph operator looked out at Halifax harbor and what he saw sent him rushing for his key where he tapped a dramatic message: "Ammunition ship is on fire and is heading for Pier Eight. Good-by." Then, with more than 1,600 others, he died in the greatest explosion the world had ever seen

By KENNETH MacGILLIVRAY

**O**N A CLEAR December morning thirty-three years ago two tramp steamers trudging along the bleak water of Canada's east coast sighted one another and exchanged the perfunctory whistle blasts of the sea roads.

Ordinarily such signals are routine traffic procedure, and are intended to eliminate danger of collision in passing. This time they did just the opposite. They not only brought the two cumbersome vessels crashing together, but they precipitated the greatest civilian disaster in the history of North America.

Calamity, awful and complete, overwhelmed a modern city in one searing instant.

One thousand six hundred people died terrible deaths, their bodies torn, blackened and dismembered—in many cases completely disintegrated. Eight thousand more were injured, and twenty thousand were left homeless and destitute on the

## A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

icy threshold of the coldest Canadian winter in twenty years.

This was the Halifax explosion of 1917.

It was more sudden, more spectacular and far more dreadful than the San Francisco earthquake or the Chicago Fire. Among non-military disasters in the English-speaking world, none but the loss of the Titanic has approached it since the Great Plague of London.

Unlike calamities of more natural origin it was accompanied by phenomena for which there was no precedent and, what was worse, against which

Like a hundred hurricanes came the wall of blast. At the depot sixty died; at Richmond school one hundred children were killed.







In the coldest winter in twenty years soldiers numbly searched the debris for victims. Splinters of flying glass blinded about 300.



A mile and a half from the explosion this church was wrecked. But a frame-house Negro area much nearer escaped with light damage.

there was no known protection. There was the incredible, invisible wall of blast, fanning out on every side with the speed and strength of a hundred hurricanes, leveling everything before it. There was the cataclysmic crashing of thousands of buildings, dissolving in rubble and entombing their occupants, dead and alive.

And after the first moment of paralyzing shock there was the blind panic of fifty thousand survivors milling in the corpse-littered streets, while the shattered remnants of the city's emergency services fought to cope with a holocaust for which they had neither the facilities nor the training.

Had it not been for prompt and extensive aid rushed from a dozen cities in Canada and the United States, the loss of life would have been even greater.

Canada, with the rest of the British Empire, had been at war for three years and four months when the disaster struck on that cold Thursday morning of Dec. 6.

Halifax, the Dominion's foremost Atlantic seaport, was crammed to the outskirts with a population swollen by servicemen to far beyond its normal fifty-seven thousand. Crowded, too, was the harbor where a score of troop transports and freighters lay uneasily at anchor, awaiting convoy overseas. A dozen civilian and admiralty tugs bustled busily about. Heliographs blinked and flickered between ships and shore, and a few long-boats inched their way toward the docks with day-leave crewmen.

Towering above all other shipping, the huge warship H.M.S. Niobe kept ceaseless vigil.

Connecting the harbor with the sea is The Narrows—a deep channel of protected water which helps to give Halifax one of the finest natural harbors in the world. The city lies on the inland side, with the smaller town of Dartmouth facing her across the gently rolling channel.

It was in The Narrows at 8.25 a.m. that a Norwegian cargo ship, the S.S. Imo, outward bound with food and clothing for Belgian refugees—and with bandages and medicine which would have saved many Canadian lives a few hours later—sighted the inbound S.S. Mont Blanc flying the French tricolor.

That the Mont Blanc was not also flying a red flag—the international symbol for "I Have Explosives Aboard"—was later to be a contentious issue. For the Mont Blanc's midship and aft holds were chock-full of TNT and guncotton, her forehold carried carboys of potent picric acid, and on top of it all was a deckload of benzol—as deadly a devil's brew as any mad nihilist could have assembled anywhere.

Loaded at Gravesend Bay, N.Y., the entire 5,000-ton cargo was assigned to the French Government for munitions. Smoking and drinking had been strictly forbidden since the cargo was taken aboard, and the order was still in force when the Mont Blanc headed into Halifax Harbor to await convoy overseas.

On her bridge were Captain Aime Lemedec, Halifax pilot Francis Mackay and a wheelsman. On the bridge of the outbound Imo were Captain Fram, another local pilot named William Hayes and several members of the crew. Of these only Lemedec and Mackay survived. The result was that no completely clear version of the exchange of signals that led to the collision was ever reached.

The ships approached each other off a berth known as Pier Eight, at 8.40 a.m.

In all the history of maritime accidents no two ill-fated ships ever bore down on one another under less dangerous conditions. The sea was comparatively calm. Only the occasional whitecap flecked its blue expanse. With the temperature at fifteen above zero and with only a light breeze blowing, visibility was unlimited. Those on deck could see clearly the church spires of Halifax and the tiny moving specks that were people on the shore.

No other ships were close enough, observers later said, to complicate or interfere with whatever passing procedure the two masters and their pilots might decide upon.

On one other point all witnesses agreed. Soon after the first exchange of whistles it became apparent that a confusion of intentions existed.



On a clear December morning thirty-three years ago the Norwegian Imo rammed the French Mont Blanc, touching off our worst disaster.

Both whistles brayed again. Both wheels were spun hard over, engine-room telegraphs jangled in sharp alarm, and foam boiled at both sterns as the engines pounded madly in full reverse.

It was too late.

While hundreds watched spellbound from the decks of other ships and from the shore less than half a mile away, the prow of the Imo buried itself deep in the forward port side of the Mont Blanc.

The French vessel's foredeck was ripped open, and down into the hold cascaded thousands of gallons of benzol. As it met the picric acid swelling about in the shattered hold a tremendous billow of choking vapor erupted above the two ships.

At first the captain of the Imo rang "full speed ahead" to keep his ship's nose plugging the hole in the Mont Blanc. Then, according to a crew member who survived to testify, the skipper got a whiff of the swirling fumes and glimpsed the first tendrils of an ominous and strangely lurid blue fire already creeping out of the Mont Blanc's riven hold.

Suspecting an explosion was imminent, the master pulled the Imo away and headed her with straining boilers for the other side of the channel where Dartmouth lies. He never got there—under his own power.

The time was now 8.50 a.m.

Meanwhile on shore a vigilant Royal Navy lookout had reported what appeared to be a simple collision between two cargo ships in the harbor. The officer who received the lookout's report trained his binoculars on the scene, and immediately he too spotted the peculiar-looking blue flame spurting out of the Mont Blanc's damaged hull and felt the same chilling premonition.

The Royal Navy worked fast.

Captain Brennan of the tug Stella Maris towing two scows a mile away, received a peremptory heliograph signal to cut her tow-lines and head for the Mont Blanc at full speed. Sharp on the heels of the message came a further order to get a line aboard the Mont Blanc and pull her farther away from shore.

By the time the Stella Maris fumed alongside there was not a living thing aboard the French tramp except the ship's cat. If the Royal Navy had worked fast, the crew of the Mont Blanc had worked faster.

Captain Lemedec admitted later that the first glimpse of flame spurting out of his ship's forward hold had been enough for him and his crew. Only too well aware of what lay under the deckplates, they were into the lifeboats at the double and pulling like madmen for shore—not the Halifax. Continued on page 47

# THE MOST FEARED MAN

*For 20 years  
Aneurin Bevan's  
bitter brilliant words  
have lashed  
political bigwigs  
in Britain  
from Lloyd George  
to Winston Churchill;  
he hasn't spared  
his own leaders  
in the Labor Party  
either.*

*Avowed enemy of the rich,  
idolized by the  
labor rank and file,  
he's fifth in line  
for the  
job of prime minister  
and many Britons  
are scared stiff  
he'll get it*





# N IN BRITAIN

By LIONEL SHAPIRO

**I**N THE general election of 1929, which unleashed the full political power of Britain's laboring class, the coal-miners of the Ebbw Vale division in Monmouthshire, on the borderline of Wales, sent one of their own, an ex-miner, to represent them in the House of Commons.

Among the new members—mostly earnest, dull, knobby-faced veterans of union hall politics who wandered uncomfortably about Whitehall—few drew more than a single glance from the old-line, high-toned Liberals and Conservatives. The member for Ebbw Vale was one of the exceptions.

He was young, 32, and of arresting appearance. Middle-sized and stocky, he looked like a born fighter. A shock of raven hair fell over the right side of his forehead; his mouth was full and erotic but, some members noticed, it curiously resembled Churchill's mouth in determination. His deep-set eyes were steel-blue and hungry. At the opening of that year's parliament many a pretty woman in the galleries asked who he was. His name: Aneurin Bevan.

For five days he fidgeted in the back benches, listening with impatience and what appeared to be contempt to debate on the Throne speech. On the sixth day the debate had turned to conditions in the coal-mining industry, which was in nebulous health both for owners and miners. Over the hushed House came the eloquent, challenging voice of Lloyd George, his white mane confidently proclaiming his prestige as an elder statesman. In the midst of this speech the unknown member for Ebbw Vale rose to challenge an observation. Lloyd George glanced at the young man and temporarily surrendered the floor.

What happened then was described the next day by the parliamentary correspondent of a Cardiff newspaper: "Young Bevan raked Lloyd George fore and aft with a torrent of vehement and voluble oratory. For a moment the elder statesman was taken aback. Then he too rose to his feet and the House of Commons witnessed the dramatic and fascinating spectacle of a direct and violent clash between two Welshmen. The younger man won. It was apparent a new force had appeared on the political scene."

Patently shaken but still sentimentally drawn to a fighter such as he used to be, Lloyd George sat down and remarked to Herbert Samuel, "That young man will some day be the prime minister."

Bevan, now in his 54th year, his hair still thick but turned battleship grey, pudgier but not yet fat, his mouth still determined and his eyes still hungry, is not yet prime minister. A substantial percentage of Britain's electorate hopes, prays, even vows that he will never become prime minister. Another bloc of Britons idolizes him.

In his own party's hierarchy he is looked upon with apprehension, suspicion, often enmity. He is feared and disliked by the great triumvirate of Labor—Clement Attlee, Ernest Bevin and Herbert Morrison. He was once expelled from the party, reinstated by pressure from the miners and almost expelled again.

But the force that burst upon the parliamentary scene in 1929 is apparently irresistible. On Jan. 17 this year Attlee elevated him from the junior post of Minister of Health to the supremely important cabinet position of Minister of Labor and National Service. In an old ailing ulcerated Labor cabinet Bevan is at least fifth in line for the top post and bold and vigorous enough to take a few hurdles. A great many Britons are scared stiff that he will indeed fulfill Lloyd George's prophecy.

They are scared because Bevan is an embittered Socialist, the unchallenged leader of the Left Wing of the Labor Party, the man who wants to change completely the face of

*Continued on page 41*



Bevan enjoys a joke with actress Frances Day. Champion of the laboring class, he likes high living and often travels with the upper crust.



With his wife, Jennie Lee, also an M.P., he chats with the Attlees at a Labor Party conference. He's disliked and feared by many Labor leaders.

# Your Dog Tells Me About You

If your pooch is a bundle of nerves or a muscle-bound bully it's an even-money chance that you are too. A woman whose business is training dogs says the reason they don't always behave well is that they behave like the people who own them



Dogs aren't dumb and love to please their masters if shown how. But shouting confuses them.

By LORNA JACKSON  
as told to ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Photos by Ken Bell

EVERY now and then someone asks me: "Which breed of dog do you like best?" It's a tough question to answer; there are heroes, big dealers and bums in every breed. At one time or another I've met them all.

There's hardly been a time in my life when I haven't had a pet of some kind. When I was ten a relative gave me ten dollars and I took a cab to a downtown pet shop and bought 44 goldfish, 3 lizards, 5 newts, 6 canaries and 2 guinea pigs and took them all home with me. My parents didn't like the idea at first but gradually they got used to me being the centre of a minor menagerie, which at one time included two timber wolves and an African squirrel monkey. But chiefly it was dogs.

While I held down a regular daytime job, first as methods engineer in an aircraft plant, then as an interior decorator, I began to privately train, breed, board and handle dogs on the side until my hobby developed into a small business that took my full time. Right now the 22 dogs, two coons, two foxes, one cat and a budgie that I keep in my kennels outside Toronto just pay for their keep by modeling for advertising and publicity work. But I hope soon to go in for training and boarding dogs on a bigger, more profitable scale.

In the meantime I've learned that to ask "Which breed do you like best?" is like asking "Which do you like best, bank clerks or insurance salesmen?" Dogs are like people: they're made up of individual temperament, ideas, preferences and vanities.

I have a dog in my kennels right now, a little Pom-Cairn cross named Iki, whose greatest joy is to be photographed. I use her as a trick poser—a dog that will stay in any position you place it in. Iki enjoys any position as long as she's getting her picture taken. If another dog is posing, Iki nearly takes off with jealousy. More than once, as the photographer pressed the bulb, Iki has hopped onto the set, posing for all she's worth, spoiling the picture but gratifying her mania to turn on her charm.

I use two Great Danes for modeling. King poses every second, turns any way I ask him and looks as if he's going to burst with pride. Greta will pose with me but if she's asked to pose with a fashion model she'll pull the poor girl all over the set. Some dogs are plain posers; they'll stand at the end of a loose lead and look interested in something that actually bores them, or just look generally noble. Some dogs never become good models.

## Oogie's a Dog-About-Town

All dogs have decided likes and dislikes. I had a Collie once that was an ardent movie fan. If Mickey liked the picture she wouldn't take her eyes from the screen. I could hold one of her favorite candies beside her and she'd just drool down the side of her mouth. If she didn't like the picture she'd fall asleep. She liked westerns best, although she'd put up with low comedy if there was lots of action.

Mickey also had a highly developed protective sense. Once when visiting the Toronto Humane Society she adopted a kitten and brought it home. She mothered two crows and a rabbit and protected them from other dogs and cats. Twice she dragged small children in our neighborhood from the path of cars and another time she fastened onto a child teetering on the edge of a ravine and held on until help arrived.

I have an Alaskan Malamute named Oogie, the grandson of Igloo, Admiral Byrd's lead dog. If he were a man he'd hang out at all the smart bars, have quite an address book and know all the angles. If he wants to burrow under a fence he makes a few scratching motions and gets his son Yukon digging. If things go well Oogie gets out. If things go wrong Yukon gets the blame.

Yukon is a chronic practical joker who one time worked up a routine of creeping up behind me when



I was mixing gruel for my dogs and shoving me into the pan. Klondike, another Malemute, was sickly when he was young and knows that the other dogs treat him with special consideration. He loves to get them fighting, but when I make for the kennel to break up the brawl all I can find of Klondike is the tip of his tail sticking out from beneath Oogie and Yukon, who figure that if I can't find Klondike I'll forget about punishing him.

Dogs have a highly developed imitative faculty and love to please their master. Like a lot of people they pick up habits from the boss. If people who come to my kennels knew how I size them up by their dogs they wouldn't feel too comfortable. I've never known a yapping dog, for instance, that belonged to quiet composed people. They almost always belong to people who shout at one another most of the time and to whom one more source of noise doesn't matter. Until someone complains.

### The Afghan Was Insulted

Just the other day a plump man with a high-pitched voice drove to my kennels to see if I could stop his plump black Pomeranian from barking. The dog started to bark while the man told me his troubles. The man just raised his voice. His plump wife started to correct him from where she sat in the car. They all went at it together—the man, the wife and the dog. I could have stopped the dog barking in a day or two by slapping it a few times with a rolled-up newspaper, but there was no point in it unless I slapped the man and his wife around with a rolled-up newspaper too.

I know a short-order chef at a roadside diner near my kennels who, judging by the times I've been there, spends most of his time telling transport drivers how he popped this guy on the nose and kicked that guy out the door. He has an Airedale-Chow cross that has picked up the same muscle-bound outlook. He evidently uses smaller dogs for light lunches. The man looks at him, shakes his head proudly and says, "Man! Is that dog mean!" They're both proud as punch of one another.

Some dogs, like some tough kids, will turn out well in spite of their associations. They're dogs with strong characters of their own, born with a lot of self-assurance and independence. They usually have a better-than-average brain. My Malemute Oogie is a good example of this type, although he's never had to prove it. One time when I left him with my parents at a summer cottage he quietly decided to live by himself at the outskirts of the property. He figured out every trick my father worked out to catch him. Finally he was trapped by an elaborate enclosure that took a day to build. He showed no resentment. He'd just made up his mind to go solo and he'd done it. My

father swears to this day he grinned.

But for every dog like that there are a dozen that will suffer if their environment isn't favorable. Most dogs are susceptible to ridicule. I knew an Afghan hound named Aga, owned by a girl whose family kept pointing him out to visitors and saying: "How do you like our monkey in woolen underwear?" Aga became such a nervous wreck that the girl finally gave him to an aunt, a calm stately woman who had an Afghan of her own. The dog changed from a shrinking violet to a magnificent snob. He didn't quite forget the days of his humiliation either. One day when he and the other Afghan were left alone with a visitor both dogs, at the instigation of Aga, got up and scared the whey out of the guest by baring their teeth at her. At the sound of the hostess' footsteps the two dogs hurried back and resumed their picturesque attitude in front of the fireplace.

A maladjusted household will affect a dog just as it will a child. Not counting sickness or injury, I've never seen a neurotic dog that didn't come from a neurotic home. One time a Toronto woman phoned to ask if I'd come to see her Doberman Pinscher. When I rang the house bell a big black-and-tan Dobe almost came through a side window to get at me. The woman told me, after she'd locked the dog in the cellar, that her husband could manage the dog but she was afraid of it. This irritated her husband and they quarreled continuously. The woman was at her wit's end; she didn't know it but so was the dog. The quarrels, the discord, the contrast between the woman's timidity and the husband's iron-handed mastery had turned it into a nervous mess.

The Doberman is a keen, intelligent, high-strung dog bred from a terrier and a German Rotweiler. He's fine if handled properly. That night I phoned the woman's husband and advised him to sell the dog, preferably to someone on a farm, and I laid it on thick enough for him to take my advice.

I can give the name of the farm where that dog is living now. It's run by a good-natured, berry-brown Scotsman who treats all his animals—chickens, goats, horses, cows, a Collie and a



Lorna Jackson with Malemutes Oogie and Yukon. She says the so-called Husky is misunderstood; he is not vicious and can be happy in a flat.

couple of Terriers—as personal friends. The Dobe is happy, relaxed and friendly. If you were there he'd come up to you, rub his head against you and wait to be patted.

But there are incurably crazy dogs too. The insanity can be hereditary or caused by an injury or a virus that affects the nervous system. They're the only dogs I'm afraid of. The most striking case I've ever seen was a Doberman named Fitz. At first he was as good as gold although a peculiar vacant expression would come into his eyes when he was eating and they'd turn a funny shade of green. When he was a year old he leaped at his owner's wife one night without provocation and ripped her arm. He had two owners after that. Each time his behavior followed the same pattern—a normal period, then when someone handed him a piece of meat or stooped to pick something from the floor, Fitz would get the odd expression in his eyes and leap. The last owner, who had heard Fitz' history, fought it out with him. He almost strangled him three times with his bare hands, letting Fitz come to again each time to see if he had learned his lesson. Each time Fitz went at him again. The owner finally subdued him and had him destroyed.

The fact that dogs behave like people is the important clue to handling them. They have to be treated like

*Continued on page 32*



Lorna presents a Great Dane in a Toronto show ring. Four of her dogs model for fashion ads.



A pet coon, Toadie Jr., likes to go shopping with her. Once he frightened a traffic cop.



Her hobby has become a full-time business, with 22 dogs, two raccoons, two foxes, a cat.



By **SIDNEY KATZ**

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

# What to tell your child about death

**N**OT long ago a close family friend died. Our three-year-old son, sensing our bereavement and noticing that the once-frequent visitor no longer came to our home, began a barrage of questions:

Will Ruthie's mommy never come back?

Where is she gone?

When you die, do they put you in the ground to rot like an apple?

We were stuck for suitable answers. For how does one go about telling a small, sensitive boy about death, which has been appropriately called "the mother and father of all fears"?

For the adult the death of a loved one is a shocking grievous experience. For the child, who tends to live almost wholly in the present, the experience can be overwhelming. Here is the threat of being cut off from his parents, the people who represent his emotional security. He may think of himself as dying—an unknown experience, fraught with terrors which he can only imagine.

As a way out of their dilemma, many otherwise intelligent and conscientious parents choose to ignore death. When children are present the subject of death is taboo in their homes, very much the same as discussions on sex were forbidden 20 years ago. "Let them stay young as long as possible," they argue. "Let them not bother their young heads with anything as morbid as death."

Yet, viewed objectively, it is surely as important to help children develop a healthy attitude toward death, the end of the natural life cycle, as it is toward sex, the beginning of the cycle.

Child psychologists I have spoken to readily admit they have not given sufficient time and study to the subject of children and death. Search through their professional literature and you'll find only the briefest guidance on how to help a child meet a death in his family—an experience so disturbing that, wrongly handled, it can have permanent ill effects on the child's personality.

By and large, the psychologists have left it up to the clergymen to explain death to children. Yet the various priests, ministers and rabbis I spoke to felt that they were not fully qualified to do the job competently. A Roman Catholic priest told me, "There's more than religion involved here. You need a skill in handling children and a knowledge of their psychology." A rabbi explained, "In all the flurry and excitement I generally don't have enough time to spend with the youngsters." A United Church minister observed, "I've been ordained for 30 years, but at no time have I heard the subject of children and death discussed at a meeting of church ministers."

Yet how can we shirk the task of giving our children an honest understanding of death? We are living in a world where death is flaunted before them every day. Our papers are full of pictures and articles about war casualties, train and plane wrecks. Radio, television and movies are full of death and violence. Even the child's toys—guns, tanks and warplanes—are related to death. Little wonder that even the least thoughtful child must anxiously wonder about what happens when life ends.

Surely the most cruel thing of all is to provide the child with makeshift or soporific answers to his questions. One mother explained the death of an aunt by saying, "She's sleeping a long, long sleep." Her eight-year-old daughter responded by refusing to go to bed at her regular time for several weeks.

*Continued on page 44*



WHAT ARE YOU GIVING

*Mother?...*



The discerning choice to delight a most discerning person—superb chocolates by Ganong! Choose the luxurious Delecto assortment, with its attractive Mother's Day wrapping—or select one of the other beautifully packaged Ganong gift assortments.

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## Me—Buy a House! Where'll I get the money?

Many a man has said to his wife "Me—Buy a house! Where will I get the money?"

And many a wise wife has given the simple answer: "Let's save regularly."

If you want to buy a house—or make any other big purchase—start saving for it. Next pay day open an account at the B.N.S. You'll find your B.N.S. Passbook is your passport to the things you want to buy.



Wherever you go  
throughout Canada and  
abroad, look for the sign of  
good friendship in banking.

YOUR B.N.S. MANAGER IS  
A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

M-538



FIG. I

*h*

## DON'T FIRE THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

By JAMES THURBER

BY LISTENING at keyholes from time to time, when I have something better to do, I have heard two rumors or reports about myself: (1) I was a mediocre newspaper reporter, afraid to get my foot in the door, too restless to listen to anybody, and unable to estimate property losses in a fire within \$200,000 of the actual amount; (2) I know nothing about a farm, although I own one, and I can't tell a chicken hawk from a china auction. Both charges are untrue, but let's take up the crack about the farm first, and get around to the other some other time.

Just because I am a man of the world, at ease in the company of the international set—I can carry on a conversation in French entirely in the present tense and deal with both reminiscence and prophecy—certain churls have got the idea that I am not at home with nature and the soil. It happens that my mother's ancestors were mainly farmers, and that her paternal grandfather once owned 50,000 acres of land. This is admittedly 49,945 more than I own, but his Ohio was larger than my Connecticut. Anyone who owned 50,000 acres in Connecticut would have a piece of both Bridgeport and Hartford.

When I was ten I could hitch a horse, load a rifle, and take a cream separator apart. If I did not drive the first, shoot the second, or put the third back together again, it is because I knew the value of caution, a trait rarely found in the average impetuous farm boy. I could tell the difference between a brown thrasher and a McCormick reaper, and I could call hogs, one of whom usually glanced over his shoulder to see what it was. Now that I am 50, I leave the outdoor work on my Cornwall farm to two younger men, to whom I occasionally give advice. I have, naturally, a stock of useful facts, helpful hints, and shrewd guesses about the phenomena of country life. Let us look at a few of these.

1. If the porch wren, whose song goes

"churtle-urgle-urgle, eet-eet-eet," is not back by May 1, he is either dead, or he found a nicer place near Stamford.

2. Never approach anything in the dark that is breathing heavily.

3. If you try to count the number of whips a whippoorwill can make without stopping to inhale, you will never drop off to sleep.

4. Do not kill robins with a fly swatter to keep them from eating the strawberries. It isn't manly.

5. Everything that sounds the way you think a corn crake should sound is not a corn crake.

6. Do not fire through the front door every time somebody knocks after midnight. It might be old Mrs. Detweiler.

7. If you can hear it moving, but you can't see it, leave it alone.

8. If you can't see it or hear it any longer, but your dog can, it's still there.

9. If a deer gets into the garden and eats your best greens, ask him to go away. This works as well as anything else I've tried.

10. This final hint is borrowed from the Herald-Tribune: "A lady whose lettuce and radish beds were being raided by rabbits planted a border of empty pop bottles with the necks about three inches above ground. Even in a slow wind, she reports, the mournful whistling is enough to scare the small thieves away."

This lady's ingenious scarebunny would merely amuse Bancroft, an old experienced woods rabbit with one broken ear, who has been sharing my lettuce crop with me for many years on a 50-50 basis. The rabbits are tough up here in Connecticut. Spike Jones' band might conceivably annoy Bancroft, but it wouldn't frighten him. He isn't even afraid of me.

I just realized that I have not explained Fig. I, and you may possibly be wondering what it is. Fig. I is a cow, drawn free-hand from memory. It doesn't actually illustrate anything in this letter. It is merely an ornament, named Mildred. ★





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*announces*

## **SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS**

The Canadian Army Active Force will accept men with the necessary qualifications for short service commissions as officers of the Canadian Army.

This applies to men who are in the following categories:-

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Candidates for Short Service Commissions must be Canadian citizens or British subjects normally resident in Canada, physically fit.

#### **Minimum education required:**

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#### **Length of Short Service Commission**

Candidates may apply for a 3-, 4- or 5-year commission at their option. Short Service Commission Officers will be considered for permanent Active Force Commissions upon completion of their term of service.

### **PAY AND ALLOWANCES**

Pay and Allowances will be the same as for Officers holding permanent commissions.

#### **Gratuity**

A gratuity of one month's pay and allowances for each year of service will be paid to officers who are not granted permanent commissions at the end of the Short Service term.

#### **Uniform Allowances**

Officers appointed to Short Service Commissions in the Canadian Army Active Force will be given an adequate outfit allowance.

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# Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



**BIRD OF PARADISE:** A plushy tropical melodrama about a young Frenchman who marries a Polynesian chief's daughter. Opposing them are a baleful medicine man, an angry volcano, and destiny — in blazing Technicolor. So-so escapist entertainment.

**BORN YESTERDAY:** An excellent comedy, equally gratifying to the funny-bone and the intelligence of an adult audience. Judy Holliday is vastly amusing as a brassy, blond dimwit from the chorus line, and Broderick Crawford is a roughneck millionaire who has been maintaining her in lavish serfdom. William Holden supervises the lady's education.

**THE CLOUDED YELLOW:** A good British suspense yarn. A former Secret Service agent (Trevor Howard) helps his sweetheart to escape the clutches of Scotland Yard. The damsel, unjustly accused of murder, is charmingly played by Jean Simmons.

**THE ENFORCER:** Humphrey Bogart benefits by a good script and competent direction in this interesting cops-and-killers melodrama. He's an assistant district attorney whose job is to crack a ring of assassins.

**THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE:** A rambling and sentimental biography of the great judge and philosopher, Oliver Wendell Holmes. We are given, I'm sorry to say, only the briefest hints of the mighty issues that stirred men's minds during Holmes' long career. Louis Calhern and Ann Harding pleasantly play the judge and his wife.

**THE MATING SEASON:** Stardom at last for Thelma Ritter, the uninhibited housemaid of *A Letter to Three Wives* and *All About Eve*. She is in fine fettle in this engaging comedy about a rough diamond whose son suddenly marries an international socialite.

**MISTER UNIVERSE:** It's always a heartening thing to see the wonderful Bert Lahr back on the screen, but his comic talents are lamentably wasted in this trite little farce about the wrestling racket.

**MOLLY:** The massive Gertrude Berg believably enacts her well-worn radio and television role as Molly Goldberg, matriarchal head of a Jewish household in the Bronx. Philip Loeb is even better as her tired husband, Jake. The family atmosphere is shrewdly observed, but the plot is a tedious formula job.

**STORM WARNING:** A taut, angry and suspenseful yarn about an innocent bystander (Ginger Rogers) who happens to see a crusading reporter being murdered by the Ku Klux Klan. The hooded hoodlums' basic credo is rather thinly surveyed, but the events are credible and exciting.

**VENGEANCE VALLEY:** A solid, action-filled outdoor adventure, the best western I have seen since *Winchester '73*. The story includes some intimate close-ups of workaday activities on a big cattle outfit, in addition to a full quota of tension and violence. Burt Lancaster, Robert Walker and Joanne Dru are in the well-chosen cast.

## GILMOUR RATES

Admiral Was a Lady: Comedy. Poor.  
All About Eve: Satiric comedy. Tops.  
Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good.  
Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.  
At War With the Army: Farce. Poor.  
Beaver Valley: Wildlife short. Tops.  
Between Midnight & Dawn: Crime. Fair.  
Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.  
Bonnie Prince Charlie: Drama. Fair.  
Branded: "Big" western. Poor.  
Breaking Point: Melodrama. Good.  
Broken Arrow: Western. Good.  
Cage of Gold: Melodrama. Poor.  
Call Me Mister: Comic musical. Fair.  
Cinderella: Disney fantasy. Excellent.  
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.  
Convicted: Prison drama. Good.  
Crisis: Tropical suspense. Good.  
Dallas: Gary Cooper western. Fair.  
Dark City: Crime, suspense. Fair.  
Double Crossbones: Comedy. Fair.  
Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good.  
Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good.  
Faust and the Devil: Semi-opera. Good.  
Fuller Brush Girl: Comedy. Fair.  
Glass Menagerie: Family drama. Fair.  
Grounds for Marriage: Musical. Fair.  
Halls of Montezuma: War. Good.  
Happiest Days of Your Life: Old-school comedy. Excellent.  
Harriet Craig: Comedy-drama. Fair.  
Harvey: Fantastic comedy. Good.  
Hunt the Man Down: Whodunit. Fair.  
I'd Climb the Highest Mountain: Rural person drama. Fair.  
I'll Get By: Musical farce. Fair.  
The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.  
Kim: Kipling adventure. Good.  
King Solomon's Mines: Jungle epic plus romance. Tops.

Last Days of Dolwyn: Drama. Good.  
Last Holiday: Tragi-comedy. Good.  
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.  
Let's Dance: Musical. Good.  
Macbeth: Shakespeare drama. Fair.  
Mad Wednesday: Comedy. Good.  
The Men: Hospital drama. Excellent.  
The Milkman: Durante farce. Good.  
Miniver Story: Domestic drama. Poor.  
Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent.  
Mourning Becomes Electra (revised and re-issued): Family tragedy. Poor.  
Mr. Music: Crosby musical. Fair.  
Mrs. O'Malley and Mr. Malone: Radio jackpot farce. Fair.  
The Mudlark: Comedy, drama. Good.  
Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.  
Next Voice You Hear: Drama. Fair.  
Never a Dull Moment: Farce. Poor.  
No Way Out: Racial drama. Good.  
Odette: Espionage drama. Fair.  
Operation Pacific: Undersea war. Fair.  
Pagan Love Song: Swim-musical. Fair.  
Panic in the Streets: Crime. Excellent.  
Petty Girl: Comedy and music. Good.  
Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.  
Redhead and Cowboy: Western. Poor.  
Rio Grande: "Big" western. Fair.  
Rocky Mountain: Western. Fair.  
September Affair: Romance. Fair.  
State Secret (also called "The Great Manhunt"): Suspense. Good.  
Steel Helmet: Korean war. Good.  
Summer Stock: Musical. Good.  
Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops.  
13th Letter: Quebec drama. Good.  
Three Husbands: Marital farce. Poor.  
Three Secrets: Drama. Fair.  
Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.  
Toast of New Orleans: Musical. Poor.



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## IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE

THE best way we know to tell you how a great many people feel about James Thurber is to tell a story about Drew Middleton, a former AP sports writer who now works in Europe as one of the top men on the foreign staff of the New York Times.

Middleton has two heroes — Honus Wagner (after all he was a sports reporter) and James Thurber. Middleton talked a great deal

side their bellies and their hearts, James Thurber is known. He gave up his famous drawings in 1947 because of his eyes which have only one-eighth vision. Even when he writes he can only get about twenty words on a page using a soft black pencil on yellow copy paper. He started drawing again last year on black paper with white pastel chalk, although the doctors say he shouldn't be able to see.

The article, "Don't Fire Through the Front Door," on page 26, was written for the Bermudian, of Hamilton, where Thurber has been a winter visitor these last twenty years, and whose editor, Ronald Williams, gave us permission to use it.



Fighting his blindness, James Thurber makes millions laugh.

• Roger Lemelin, of Quebec City, who tells us all about his former neighbor, Albert Guay, is the author of the recent Les Plouffe and the earlier Town Below.

Lemelin himself was the subject of an article in Maclean's for Feb. 1, 1950, by Stuart Keate. The subject said of the subject as presented in the article: "Fascinating."

about both of them when we knew him in North Africa, which was his first battle assignment with the Times in the last war. After Tunis fell Middleton returned to the U. S. to meet the New York Times, who had hired him in London, and to take a short whip around the lecture circuit.

One night after his lecture in a Connecticut town Middleton was pushing his way politely through the press of listeners, most of whom wanted to know if he had met a soldier called Willie Jones in North Africa, when a slight man with thick glasses attempted to attract his attention. Middleton brushed him off, nicely, but off. But the man was persistent.

"I wonder, Mr. Middleton . . ."

he began.

"So sorry," said Drew, glancing at his watch. "Have to catch a train."

"But I was wondering if you would join me and we could go out to my house and have a talk," said the man.

Middleton was indulgently firm.

"So sorry Mr. . . ."

"Thurber," said the man, "James Thurber. I just live . . ."

Middleton missed his train. He still hopes to have a long talk someday with Honus, who is back this year with the Pittsburgh Pirates as coach.

Wherever people laugh in the English language, laugh deep in-

### THE COVER



WE ALWAYS try to tell you in this space where the artist got the idea for the cover. This time we're going to let the painter, Rex Woods, tell you in his own words.

"This is a mixture of two ideas — a dream fantasy and a reality," he says.

"For the reality I used a friend of mine, Bill Hickman, who is an old hand at gardening," says Woods, who lives in Toronto. "For the ethereal part of the picture I visited the Canadian School of Ballet where Gweneth Lloyd was putting Gladys Forester through her paces. Miss Lloyd is the well-known Canadian choreographer from Winnipeg and Gladys Forester has the distinction of having danced in Moira Shearer's film, The Red Shoes."





Nassau pieces illustrated are: End Table, \$23.50; Arm Chair, \$85.25; Four Seater, \$273.50; Cocktail Table, \$31.50. Other pieces available are: Three Seater, \$210.75; Two Seater, \$148.00; Ottoman, \$30.50. Prices on upholstered pieces vary according to covering selected. Prices 10% higher in Western Canada.

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what's  
happened

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*Your family deserves  
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## Your Dog Tells Me

Continued from page 23

people. A sensitive dog will sometimes become moody and sulky, alternately quick-tempered and happy, through jealousy of children or of another dog. It takes a bit of study and patience to find the cause but there's always one there.

Many dogs are as stubborn as people, but often they're good dogs with a lot of life, spirit and healthy ego. More than once I've seen a dog become bored and listless because an owner, instead of handling him in an off-hand manner, giving him time to make up his mind and leading instead of shoving him, has expected him to jump to command. The dog backfires. The owner produces this type of dog the way a nail produces a flat tire. He's often the type who handles people the way a bulldozer handles trees.

Getting along with dogs is the same as getting along with people—you have to use common sense. Flying into a temper, then trying to make up for it with exaggerated kindness is a sure way to drive a dog nuts. All a dog wants to know is what you want, and he wants to hear it in tones of kindly but firm assurance. When you shout or use bitter words he becomes excited and confused.

Once I was asked to exhibit an Irish Wolfhound with a dead-pan expression that I knew would be fatal to its chances of taking a prize. When I told the owner she suggested, "Just ask him if he wants to go car-car." It worked. The bad part of this (not to mention the danger of being overheard by fellow trainers) was that the dog wasn't doing the right thing because he liked to do it, but because he had been promised something he wasn't going to get. Ideas like the "car-car" work the same way as a promise of candy with kids: things get worse when the candy runs out.

You have to be consistent. The owner who feeds a dog at the table one time, then yells because he's a nuisance when there's company for dinner has a dog that just can't figure the score. The same with the owner who yells exuberantly for his dog to leap in his lap, then gives the dog a belt another time when, fresh from a mud puddle, it knocks his girl-friend for a loop with a joyous body-tackle.

Treating my animals as if they were people has sometimes put me in an awkward spot. Once I had a wolf named Timber who became so domesticated that I kept him in my apartment where no pets were allowed. I used to send him up and down in the dumb waiter. When I'd take him for a walk I'd tell people he was an Arabian Retriever. It satisfied everyone. One time he developed a virus and had to be taken to a veterinary. Just as the vet was going to give Timber a needle, it began to dawn on him that Timber wasn't just dog. For a minute I thought I'd have to give him a shot in the arm.

Another time I tossed one of my pet raccoons, Toadie, Jr., into the back seat of my car when I was going on an errand. When I pulled up at a stop light a policeman came over to the car and asked if I'd mind giving him a lift for a few blocks. We were riding along chatting in the front seat when he suddenly stopped talking and began to give me queer side glances. I discovered that Toadie, whom I'd forgotten, was gently exploring the policeman's leg with a soft patting motion peculiar to coons. I introduced them but I think that cop was relieved when he reached his destination.

I think there's a big future in animal

models for advertising illustrations, magazine covers and publicity pictures but it hasn't yet hit its stride in Canada. My black cat Africa is the one you often see in the Black Cat cigarette ads and King, Greta, Oogie and Klondike appear regularly in fashion ads and publicity pictures.

Yukon Eric, the wrestler, once had a publicity picture taken with my Malemute Yukon M'loot. Yukon Eric was to hoist Yukon M'loot onto his shoulders, the whole thing to give the idea, I suppose, of man in a savage, primitive state. But the theory and practice of taking liberties with 90 pounds of strange Malemute are two different things, particularly when you have to look fearless at the same time. It was a neat trick but Yukon Eric made it.

Fashions in breeds come and go. At one time the Pug and English Toy Spaniel, which you hardly ever see now, led the field. Now it's Cocker Spaniels, German shepherds, Great Danes and Boxers. Lassie, the movie dog, has done a lot to bring back the Collie's popularity. All the youngsters want "a Lassie."

## An Air-Conditioned Tail

But there are other good breeds that people seldom seem to think of when they want a pet. One of them is the Alaskan Malemute, the largest of the three Arctic sled dogs usually grouped erroneously as Huskies. For reasons known only to fiction writers the Malemute is regarded as something only slightly less vicious than a wounded cobra. Yet during the war, when the Malemute did an enormous amount of rescue work on northern airlines, the only job he flunked was police work. He was too reluctant to attack a man.

He's a sensible dog with a keen sense of humor. He doesn't bark and he howls only if other dogs start him. He can live in an apartment or curl up comfortably in a snowdrift outside your window with his nose in his plumed tail, which acts as a built-in air-conditioning unit. He's probably the closest thing today to a natural dog.

Another dog that's neglected is the Beagle, a small merry little dog with all the expression of a Cocker, friendly, quiet in the house, clean, smart and easy to train. He's wonderful with children.

A much-maligned dog, along with the Malemute, is the German shepherd. People are too quick to call anything resembling a Shepherd a "police dog." The word is just as wrong as Husky. Actually there are no such breeds. The mistake wouldn't matter if it weren't for the fact that German shepherds and sled dogs often get blamed for the deeds of cross-breeds. It's discouraging to breeders who are breeding the German shepherd for gentleness and intelligence.

I suppose I have my favorites. Collies I'll always love (my life was saved twice by a Collie when I was a child); those lovable big babies the Great Danes, who like to cuddle on your lap (with two front feet on the floor!); Beagles, German shepherds, Cairns and Malemutes. But I'm not too concerned with the breed if I like the dog.

I like a dog that has personality, and although he likes people he's *my* dog. I like him to be able to sense my moods, be game for a run or a swim if I feel like it and be quiet when I feel like a rest. I don't like noisy dogs. I like a sensible dog that will bark if someone is at the door, has a strong guarding instinct, a dog that will fight if it has to, yet isn't a bully.

Come to think of it I guess I like the same things in dogs I do in people. ★



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*Illustrated: The Catalina Eight*

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**POWER** *Slide*

A fully proved automatic transmission in the low-price field! Because POWER-GLIDE is a torque converter drive, you get continuous application of power through every speed—amazing smoothness! Optional at extra cost on Fleetleader Deluxe models.

There's always something special about birthdays—and there is certainly something very special about the way Pontiac has marked its 25th anniversary. For this occasion Pontiac has presented more than twenty models of the finest, the most beautiful and the most thoroughly satisfying of all the great motor cars which have borne the Silver Streaks. The chances are you have already seen this great beauty on the streets and highways—naturally, you have admired it. Why not do *more* than simply admire—why not see *your* Pontiac dealer? The pride of owning a Pontiac costs *so little*.

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# Frosty fruit loaf!



## So light and luscious—made with marvellous new fast DRY yeast!

● This is the kind of treat that makes men-folks wave their arms and say: "When will you bake some more?"

And you can plan plenty more sumptuous yeast bakings, once you have in your pantry a supply of the wonderful new Fleischmann's DRY Yeast!

Yes, this grand new yeast keeps fresh and full-strength on your pantry shelf. Unlike old-fashioned perishable yeast, it never lets you down through loss of

strength. Keeps vital and active, till you're ready to bake!

If you bake at home, you can really go to town now with hot rolls, buns, desserts, and bread! No change in recipes: one envelope of the new Dry yeast equals one cake of fresh yeast. Get several weeks' supply of Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast and make this tempting Frosty Fruit Loaf tomorrow sure!

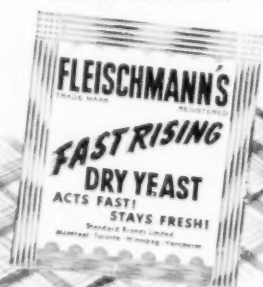
### FROSTY FRUIT LOAF Makes 3 Loaves

Measure into large bowl  
 2/3 cup lukewarm water  
 2 teaspoons granulated sugar  
 and stir until sugar is dissolved.  
 Sprinkle with contents of  
 2 envelopes Fleischmann's  
 Fast Rising Dry Yeast  
 Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.  
 In the meantime, scald  
 2/3 cup milk  
 Remove from heat and stir in  
 1/2 cup granulated sugar  
 1-1/4 teaspoons salt  
 6 tablespoons shortening  
 Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in  
 3 well-beaten eggs  
 Stir in  
 3 cups once-sifted bread flour  
 and beat until smooth; stir in  
 3 cups mixture of washed and dried seedless raisins, quartered candied cherries and slivered mixed candied peels  
 Work in  
 3 cups more once-sifted bread flour  
 Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set

dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 3 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Shape into loaves; place in well-greased bread pans (4 1/2" x 8 1/2", top inside measure and 2 3/4" deep). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 45-50 minutes. Cool and ice with Plain Icing.

#### PLAIN ICING

Combine 1/2 cup sifted icing sugar  
 2 teaspoons milk  
 1/8 teaspoon vanilla  
 and beat until smooth.



## Benefit of Doubt

Continued from page 13

"Sorry," Hank said stiffly. "Charley, this is Louise McNair."

"Hank mentioned you so often," she said coolly, "that I felt I knew you very well. Now, I'm not so sure."

"Different?" enquired Charley.

"Decidedly."

"Maybe I didn't used to be. Everybody changes."

"People grow up, you mean."

"Not always up." He looked at Hank, the pressure building again. "Some grow down. Smaller."

As though he felt compelled to keep the conversation on a polite plane, Hank said uncomfortably, "What've you been doing all this time?"

He won't fight back, Charley thought. He doesn't want it all to come out, now. Not with the girl here. The doubt which had teetered maddeningly in his mind for six years—sometimes making excuses for Meladey, other times blackly accusing him—swung again, and Charley was close to believing the worst.

"Just lying around," he answered cryptically. "In hospitals."

"Is it all right," Louise enquired politely, "to ask what was the matter with you?"

"Something happened to my back when I hit. The chute was burning, and I came down kind of fast."

He said it flatly, but he saw the recognition come to Hank's eyes. A burning parachute. The nightmare of all airmen. "Later, I had a couple of operations, and they finally shipped me home. I fell on the boat coming back, and that fixed me real good."

She said in a small voice, "Oh."

Hank wouldn't meet his eyes. If he'd look at me, Charley thought, I might be able to tell. Suddenly, now they were together again, he knew he didn't want to believe the worst. Maybe that was why the doubt was there—wishful thinking, trying to give Hank an excuse.

There was a brassy tune coming out of the juke box. The bar was filling up. Hank shifted his feet. "Look. We were going out to dinner. You're just spinning your wheels in this joint."

He made the effort. "Why not join us?"

He wondered if he read a note of obligation in Hank's voice. That could be the beginning of an answer.

Louise's smile was forgiving. "You're so wound up. Forget it for awhile, if you can."

He looked at her a long moment, liking what he saw. A new kind of interest flickered, and he saw her eyes wonder a little, suddenly, with surprise. It occurred to him then that if it turned out to be rough on Hank, losing a girl like this, he had it coming. It could be part payment.

"Well," Charley said, "it's an idea."

IN HANK'S convertible, purring through the early night, Charley was aware of the girl's perfume, light and elusive, and of her warmth seated beside him. It reminded him of Paris, on the way back. Later, perhaps, someone else's perfume would remind him of Louise McNair. Memories often graduate like that. But he wondered if a later doubt could ever dwarf the one he had entertained about Hank for six years.

No one could argue against his right to be bitter. One foul moment had come. He had barely escaped a searing death to wallow in pain for months. Then, while the others were restoring themselves to civilian life, resuming careers, coming back to loving and living, building for the future, he had been held suspended. He would always be six years behind . . .

Now the violent thrumming jangled through him again, and he balled his fists and sat rigidly. Louise touched his arm and her voice was soft. "Relax, Charley. It's such a beautiful night."

She left them for a moment when they entered the restaurant. Charley watched her slender-lined, well-shaped legs. "Where'd you find that?"

"Out here. Right after I got back."

"She's nice." And the back of his mind told him again what it had told him during those years. He might have had a girl like that . . .

The memory, far to the front of his mind, slid forward abruptly, and he stared at the wall without seeing. Infrequently, a pilot who was nearly through his required tour would realize he stood a good chance of making it



"You will meet a blonde, that's in Paris. You will meet a brunette, that will be in London. You will meet a redhead, that will be in Australia. In Burma you will meet a brunette, in Turkey, another blonde, in Argentina—"



all in one piece. He'd suddenly start calculating the risks with greater care. He'd suddenly stop being quite so eager. Only eager to fly and get the required number of hours in a combat zone—without combat.

That last fight, near the end of Hank's tour, had been one of the roughest of them all—and if a man was going to stop being eager, that had been the place.

It was a bomber escort on a daylight raid. The flak was a ragged, buffeting storm, a writhing canopy of black claws shot through with red, abrupt blossoms and so thick as the bombers began their headlong run that Charley's white-nosed Mustang had pitched like its namesake.

Then, as the fighter squadron swung in a wide orbit to protect the slower bombers, the flak had ceased. That could mean only one thing. The old, familiar pinpoint of ice stung his stomach. Even as he squinted through that high pale blue in search of the approaching enemy fighters, it happened.

He saw Hank's plane, hanging dutifully off his right wing, pull up sharply and turn away. His jaw dropped. In that same unbelievable instant, jarring fists tore the stick out of his hand and his plane veered sickeningly. Grasping fingers of flame erupted, curling back over the canopy. And then he was falling through space from four miles up—alone and unaided, even as he had been in the moment of attack . . . and somewhere above him, in that blazing pale sky, rode Hank Meladey—all in one piece . . .

His mind had registered it immediately and indelibly. The enemy had attacked and Hank had fled, and the coincidence had been overpowering.

He could ask Hank, pointblank—but that little doubt warned him. The ache of not knowing was a strange loneliness. He actually wanted things the warm good way they once had been between them. But if he asked that question, bluntly, openly, and it hadn't been Hank's fault, things could never be the old way again.

Still, they weren't the old way now . . . and if Hank had been to blame . . . He drew a sharp breath, scowling. He had to know for sure. He had to find out whether Hank Meladey, in that one brief moment, had thought only of himself.

THEY ordered dinner and were having another drink when Hank glanced at his watch. "Hey, I almost forgot. I have to call the office. I'm out at Northwest Aircraft, now, Charley. Working on jets. Got a new one, a light bomber that's going to be a sweetheart. We were expecting some reports on it tonight. I'm supposed to check . . . Say, why don't you come out tomorrow and look it over?"

"Yeah," said Charley. "I might do that."

Hank hesitated, turning his glass. "You lined up for anything? A job?"

"Well, nothing just yet. I—"

"Maybe I can fix it up," Hank said with a show of heartiness. "I know a lot of guys out there. With all you know, there should be something—"

Was there that note of obligation again? Didn't the guy know he was overdoing it, giving himself away?

"Thanks."

Hank drained his glass and stood up. "Don't mention it. Lord, it's the least I could do."

"Yeah," Charley studied him. "Maybe it is."

Hank flushed. "Well—see you in a minute."

"How about that?" asked Charley, looking after him. "A junior executive."

*Continued on page 37*



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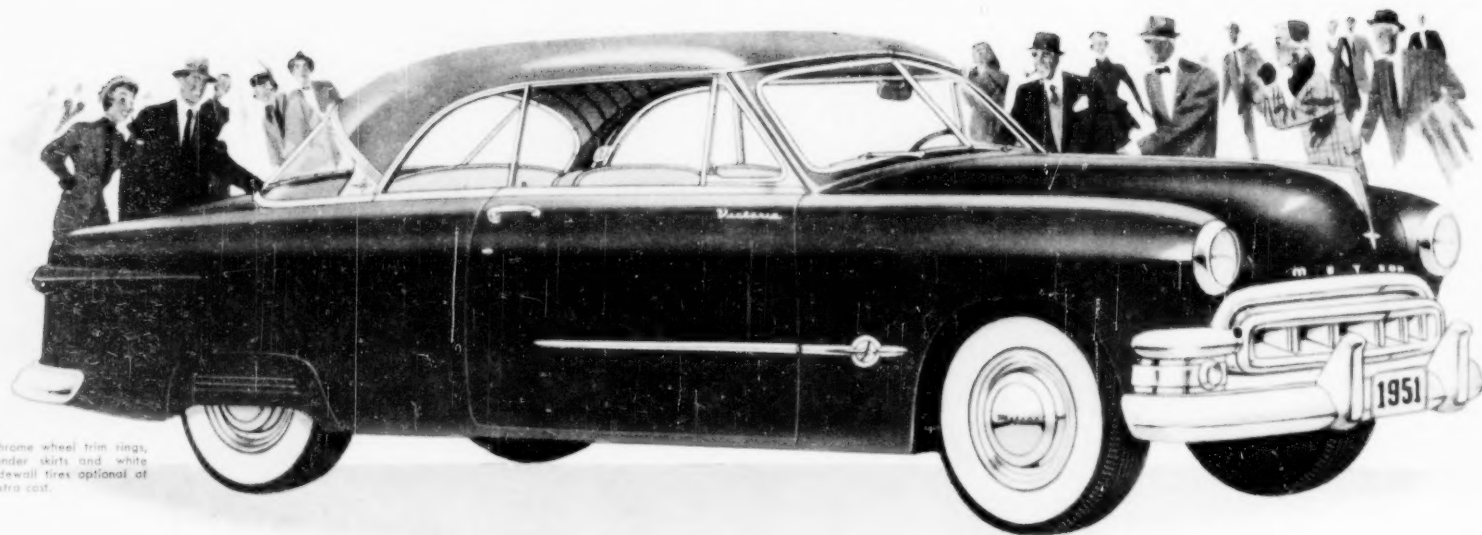
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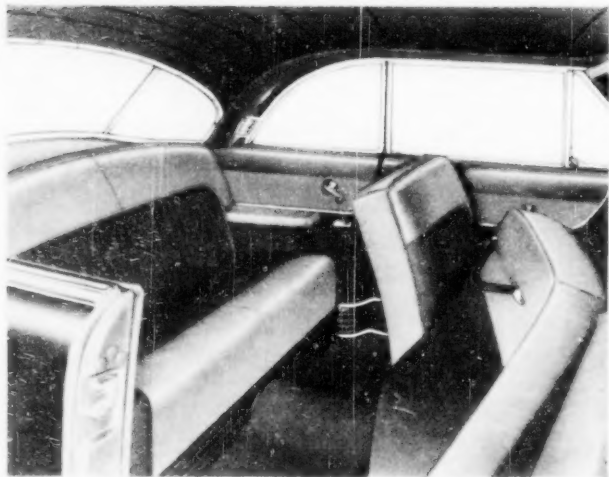
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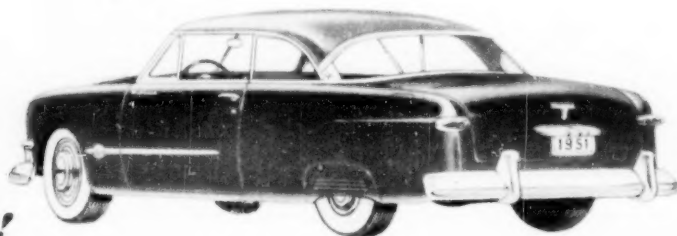
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Continued from page 35  
flying a desk. He won't even need a parachute for that."

Louise said quietly, "He still flies."  
"That was a low blow," Charley admitted. "I shouldn't have said it. Not to you."

"Well, that helps a little. Every now and then, Charley, you sound like I thought you'd sound. Perhaps one of these days you'll decide who you really are—again."

"I know who I am," he said grimly.

But her words didn't bounce off, the way he had thought they would. He kept listening to what she had said, even though she was through saying it.

"Are you going out there tomorrow?"

"I might," he said.

"If you go in the morning I could drop you off. I drive within a few blocks of the plant."

"What do you do?"

"Teach. A nursery school." From the way she said it, he knew she liked it. "I go in at ten tomorrow."

He smiled at her. "I'd be crazy to turn down the offer."

"Perhaps I'm crazy for making it," she said with mock seriousness. Then she smiled, and he felt maybe there was something about him she was beginning to like, and he smiled back. It was all nice and warm. It wasn't until later that he wondered if she was just going along with him, hoping there'd be some way she could help Hank.

SITTING beside her the next morning as she drove, he was struck by the friendly graciousness of her manner, the way she had accepted him on the strength of what Hank had told her—despite the obvious strain now between them.

"You know," she said suddenly, "Hank never stopped wondering about you. Every time he'd meet someone who had been a prisoner, he'd ask."

"I didn't make a prison camp," he said briefly.

Her face was puzzled. "But—what did you do?"

"I tried to walk out. Haystacks and barns in the daytime, walking at night. The nights I could walk." He was uncomfortable, telling her. It actually was something between him and Hank.

"Did you have anything to eat?"

"Oh, sure. We had little escape kits with concentrated stuff. Now and then a turnip field had something left in it. Shot a crow, once . . ." Yes, he remembered now, I ate crow—and I thought about you a lot, Hank.

He didn't want to talk about it any more. It had been very bad, all of it, and he didn't think he had deserved it—but talking about it sounded as though he were seeking sympathy.

Her voice was gentle. "Go on."

He scowled at her. "Maybe I should lie on a couch, and you could take notes . . . Well, I finally tied in with some underground people. One of them did the best he could about my back and the burns. Then a tank outfit steamed into town one afternoon." He shrugged. "Finì la wretched guerre."

There was a silence. He looked away, watching the people again, walking, riding, standing in the bright sun. He heard her say softly, "You leave out so many details. It couldn't have been that simple." She hesitated. "I feel . . ."

"You feel what?"

"Terrible. Almost like I want to cry."

Traffic stopped them. She turned, and touched his hand. "I can see why you've changed. . . . But—Charley, it's all over now, isn't it? The war, and all? You can change again."

"Nothing is ever really over." Her

## FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS

### An Assassin On Parliament Hill



Lapointe: the target.

HERE is the little-known story of one of the few assassination attempts in Canadian history.

It happened in 1925 when Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe was federal Minister of Justice and my husband, now Justice Chevrier of the Ontario Supreme Court, was one of two federal MPs for Ottawa.

On the morning of November 6 a man named August Swanson came to see my husband in the Parliament Buildings. He was a Dane, newly arrived in Ottawa, and he'd come several times before looking for a job. This time he wore a greatcoat reaching to his ankles and a large slouch hat, and his right hand was buried in the fold of his coat. He was obviously in an ugly mood.

My husband explained to him patiently that it was hard to get jobs and harder still for a newcomer. Swanson looked at him sullenly for a moment, then swung about. "I go for justice," he said.

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hand still was on his, and her fingers were warm and soft. "You know, you pack quite a punch, Louise. You could make a guy forget a lot of his shortcomings. Maybe you don't know it, but I'll bet you're one of the best props that guy ever had." Looking at her like this something suddenly opened in him, and what he said had nothing to do with his earlier notions of retribution. "I'd like to see you again. I don't know how it is with you and Hank—"

"All the votes haven't been counted, yet." She glanced away. "Anyway, he hasn't asked."

"Tonight, maybe?"

Her gaze swung back to his face, and a tiny spark seemed to leap between them. Without fanning, it would die. But he could fan it. Slowly, she said, "If you want to . . ."

WITH the receptionist's directions he found the office. But it was empty. He turned to movement behind him. A slender, gray-haired man in a rumpled brown suit stood in the doorway. "Hank gone already?"

"Seems to be," Charley said.

"He's probably out at the hangar. Maybe we can catch him there."

They went down the hall toward the rectangle of midmorning sunlight. "My name's Crawford," the man said. "I'm chief engineer here. You a friend of Hank?"

"Charley Neal . . . We flew together."

"Why, sure. I thought you looked

He went straight to the Minister of Justice's suite and asked for "the Justice." When the Minister's private secretary, Emile Tremblay, tried to intercept him he started for the door to Lapointe's private office.

At that moment Lapointe came out to speak to his secretary. Instantly Swanson pulled his hand out of his greatcoat.

There was a muffled report. Blood splattered the walls. Tremblay and a typist in the room both fainted. Swanson crumpled to the floor, a large old-fashioned pistol in his hand. As he pulled it out the cocked hammer had caught in his coat.

The bullet intended for "the Justice" tore its way completely through Swanson's left side. He died almost instantly. Only the premature discharge of the weapon saved Lapointe from almost certain assassination. — Juliette N. Chevrier.

familiar. You're in that picture with him."

"Picture?"

"The one on his desk." Crawford shook his head. "Things have changed a lot since those days."

"I suppose so."

There was a hint of amusement in Crawford's keen eyes. "But test flying's not as rough as combat, eh? No shooting," he granted, as they went down the steps, "but it's combat, believe me. And with these jets it's rough combat, until you get all the bugs out of them. Too many things can happen too fast."

Charley's lips made a thin smile, but he said nothing as they walked toward the big hangar. On the cement apron sunlight danced on the sleek bomber. He saw Hank in frowning conversation with a mechanic. He said swiftly, "Is Hank a test pilot?"

"Well, yes," replied Crawford. "Of course, the company pilots fly them until we're satisfied they're all right. Then the Air Force men make an acceptance flight. It's more or less routine."

"Oh." The doubt which had swung in favor of Hank's courage hesitated, and swung back.

Hank turned at their footsteps. "Well—Charley. Say, I meant to leave a note, but I was in such a rush. You never know what's going to happen around here."

Crawford's tone was placating. "It's just one of those things, Hank. They're

on our necks for a report. After all, you've flown the ship—"

"Twice," Hank said fretfully. "Cruised it, that's all. How about that yaw?"

"We think it's whipped," Crawford said patiently. "But you know how it is. Something else may turn up. Watch it, close."

"You mean he's going to fly this thing?" Charley studied Hank with bright eyes that held no humor. "You don't sound very eager."

Hank's face reddened. "It's just that—well, another pilot has been making the tests on this ship. He fell over his kid's wagon yesterday and broke his arm."

"Well," said Charley. "Well, well, well." He squinted at the plane as the thought drove home. There was a way he might get his answer, now. He said casually, "I've always wanted a jet ride. I'll go with you."

Hank's eyes narrowed. "Don't be silly. It's against all regulations."

"Regulations," scoffed Charley. He winked broadly at Crawford, masking the excitement fluttering in him. "If we'd flown by the book all the time, somebody else would have won the war." He sensed a tolerance in Crawford's manner. "Look, just for old times. You said it was more or less routine. All I'll be is ballast. How about it?"

Crawford smiled slightly. "You old war buddies . . . Well—what do you say, Hank?"

"I'm against it," Hank said quickly. "No telling what might happen. The company would be responsible for him."

If he were going to quit again, Charley thought harshly, he could do it better alone. He could return to the field with a report of some fancied mechanical failure, and delay the test until the replacement pilot arrived.

"Your worry touches me deeply," he said dryly. "I'll sign a waiver. And we'll break a rule. It won't be the first time," he added significantly.

MINUTES later they settled themselves in the nose and taxied smoothly to take-off position. As in the conventional bombers, pilot and co-pilot sat side by side—a radical design for jets. The simplified power controls were on a metal mound between them. A few buttons and switches were mounted on the dual control wheels.

Charley swung challenging eyes toward Hank, who seemed to be taking interminable time checking controls. "Let's get it on the road."

Hank paused. "Look, Charley. Be sensible. Get out."

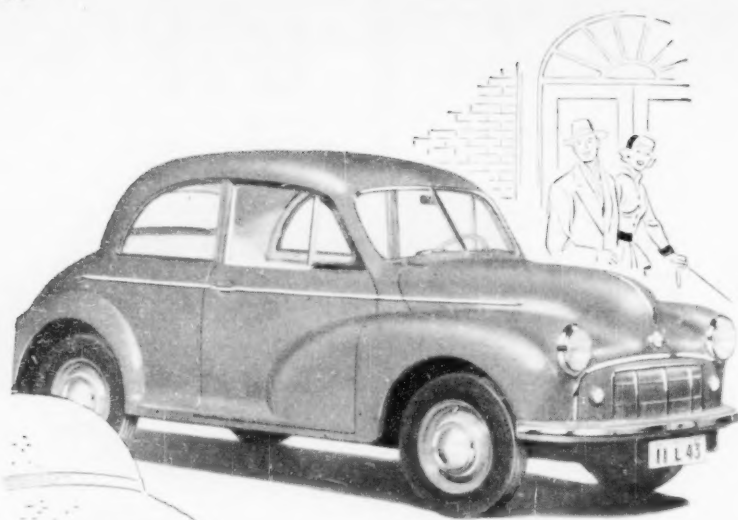
"And walk? I tried it once, remember? I'll never learn to like it. Take it off!"

Slowly, then, Hank's hand advanced the power knob. Charley felt himself being pushed back in his seat. He was struck by the absence of engine roar; all sound was behind them. There was, instead, a slight vibration in a silence filled with the sense of an indomitable rushing.

He knew the test plan. At 35,000 feet Hank was to dive the plane until the Mach needle on the instrument panel hit .80, registering eighty per cent of the speed of sound, then pull out. They would return to the field and examine the tail assembly for stress.

Simple enough, he thought—if you didn't realize that eighty per cent of the speed of sound up there seven miles above the earth was some 545 miles an hour. And that same eighty per cent grew faster and faster in familiar miles per hour terms as the plane rocketed earthward, into denser air.

He glanced narrowly at Hank, won-



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dering if the tightening frown were from concentration—or growing distaste for the challenge at hand. He pushed the transmitter button. "Thirty-five thousand, it says here..."

"Yeah." Hank held the plane straight and level. Charley could hear him breathing into the microphone, as though at a loss for words.

"Dive it."  
"You know how to get out if anything goes wrong."

"Looking for an excuse?" demanded Charley with a surge of nervous anger. "Don't try to scare me. We're not turning back. Dive it!"

Above the oxygen mask Hank's face was drawn. He said through his teeth, "Damn you, Charley Neal!" The horizon tilted in a smooth arc above their heads.

It happened in a succession of instants, later to resolve in Charley's mind to a pattern of quick pictures. The hazy brown earth directly ahead of them was leaping into focus. He saw the Mach needle flick to .70—.75—.80, saw Hank pull back on the wheel—and saw it stop immediately, quivering in his straining grip. With darting dread he saw they still were in a diving attitude, the earth still rushing toward them! Nothing had happened. The effectiveness of their elevator control was suddenly gone, locked in the vise of compressibility. Blood drained from his face.

Hank, strain in every line of his hunched figure, flipped open the speed brakes switch to slow their speed, to ease back out of that zone where buffeting airstream was too powerful to handle. The slotted slabs of metal could be forced outward as desired to check speed.

But their velocity was mounting. Hank quickly worked the switch back and forth. Still nothing happened. The brake system had failed.

Charley, hands suddenly wet with cold sweat, grasped the wheel in front of him. It was trembling, jerking under the gigantic forces hammering at the tail assembly. Straining, eyes wide in alarm, he was able to budge it but a fraction, adding his desperate strength to Hank's. He could do no more, and wouldn't have dared to try. Even without the added strain of pull-out, under that fierce attack the tail might wrench off at any instant. On the earth below the sound of their descent was a wild, screaming shattering of air.

He fumbled now for the hand-grip that would fire off the canopy and detonate the seat-ejection device. He'd rather be blown out of the ship, to take his chances with this innovation than ride it into the ground. But in this one swing of the time pendulum he saw Hank's right hand sweep to the small toggle switch on the wheel.

Delicately, smoothly, as the quivering Mach needle went past .90, his right thumb eased that toggle forward. He was trying to operate the trim tabs, the auxiliary control surfaces on the stabilizer. Electrically powered and hydraulically driven, they gave an added bite to the elevators. Where human strength had failed, mechanical power might be successful. But the slightest miscalculation might bring them out too fast, wrench the plane, into disintegration. Charley froze, watching.

With the painstaking touch of a brain surgeon, Hank kept adjusting the toggle, kept coaxing... And then, in that blistering tide of air sweeping over the tail, the trim tabs carefully raised a steady, levering hand. Hank worked wheel and toggle in split-second coordination... They were easing out of the dive—but tons of weight were jamming down on them. If the tail stayed on...



MACLEAN'S

"Darn this damp weather!"

In a moment the horizon was back where it belonged, and the patchwork of fields and houses was so near Charley felt he could have trailed his trembling fingers through the trees.

HANK offered a cigarette as they walked on. "They can fix it," he said thoughtfully. "Maybe change the tail contour again. And overhaul the electrical system."

Charley exhaled. The cigarette was good, the air was good, the ground was good. It was like coming home from combat.

Hank opened the office door. "If you wait long enough, you can usually figure what's wrong."

"If you want to wait long enough," Charley corrected, sinking into a chair. Unwavering respect was in his eyes. Hank could have left the plane, taking the easier way out. It had taken sheer, raw courage to wait. Charley knew that, and had seen it, and the old doubt was gone.

A barrier seemed to have lifted from a channel of his mind. Anything could have happened on that raid. The flak was so rough—maybe Hank's radio had been hit—maybe he had seen the Jerries coming and was turning into them, to protect Charley. Maybe—

He'd never know, because he would never ask. Not now. He didn't have to. And those six years he had spent in bitterness suddenly seemed a weakness deserving only of self-contempt. He had thought Hank lacked courage. Now he saw that in those bitter years, bound as though with iron to the bed, his own will to fight had been bogged down in the mire of self-pity.

"Hank," he said softly, studying his cigarette. "I guess I've been kind of mixed up..."

Hank seemed embarrassed. "Skip it, Charley! You couldn't have had it any rougher. It could make a guy think a lot of things." He grinned, and reached for the telephone. "I think we ought to celebrate tonight."

Charley hunched forward, frowning at his shoes, while Hank called Louise. Tonight, he had said. But Charley knew what her answer would be. "Hank—"

"She wants to say hello," Hank said. "Tell me," her voice was warm, "how's it going with you two?"

"Why," Charley replied, "it couldn't be better." It struck him, then, how he could let her know. "Look," he said with significant slowness, "I'll give you back to Hank," and he proffered the phone.

Hank, smiling, said for the phone, "Thanks."

Charley smiled back. "Don't ever mention it." He thought of how far he was from Leipzig, and his smile grew. "Boy, don't ever mention it." ★



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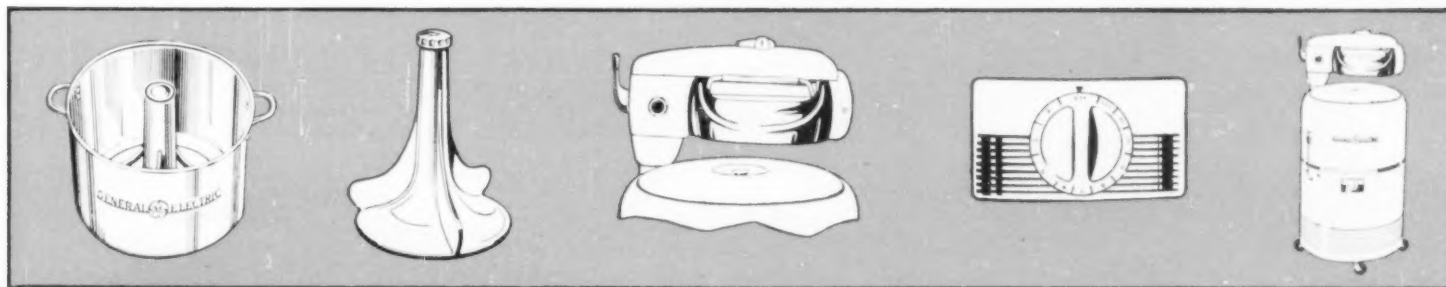


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## The Most Feared Man

Continued from page 21

Britain, as he has already partly changed it to his pattern by the national health program and his insistence that Attlee go through with the nationalization of iron and steel.

That he is anti-Communist with the same passionate vigor that he is anti-capitalist is but scant relief to the upper and middle classes which he would virtually eliminate from British life and to the Right Wing Socialists like Attlee, Bevin and Morrison who prefer to weave their Socialism into the proud permanent fabric of British life. They neither hope for nor seek the full fruition of their theories in their lifetime. Given the power Aneurin Bevan would revolutionize British life in a single session of parliament—at least that is the interpretation one must put on his recorded opinions.

On the eve of his introduction in parliament of his pet national health scheme in July 1948 and in the face of violent opposition, he made a speech in Manchester. He spoke feelingly of the bitter experiences of his boyhood, how his older sister had had to work to keep him in decent clothes and how the only solution the government could offer was to advise him to emigrate.

"That is why," he cried, "no amount of cajolery and no attempts at ethical or social seduction can eradicate from my heart a deep burning hatred for the Tory Party that inflicted those bitter experiences on me. As far as I am concerned they are lower than vermin."

This speech made him at once a national and a notorious figure. It infuriated half the people of Britain. In the dead of night the door of his London home was painted: "Vermin villa—home of a loud-mouthed rat." The Conservatives marked him as their deadliest enemy.

The word "vermin" ever since has rankled in their minds. Early this year a young aristocrat Hon. John Fox-Strangways sullenly watched Bevan emerge from White's Club, one of the oldest and most exclusive of London's clubs, where the new Labor Minister had been supper guest of Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor. As Bevan reached the outer door Fox-Strangways came up quickly behind him and propelled him across the threshold by a boot in the posterior. This was one of the few times Bevan did not react. The ex-miner continued on his way.

Although Fox-Strangways paid for his lark by an instant request for his resignation from the club, he had done what had been a subconscious hankering in the minds of all Conservatives

from the moment Bevan had dubbed them "vermin."

His enemies have called Bevan the most dangerous man in Britain and have conceded he's the greatest political debater of his time. He's credited with every vice and virtue in the political book. No one in Whitehall lacks an opinion on "Nye" Bevan. One hears he is a fiery revolutionary, an opportunist, a charmer and playboy, a man of the people, a barefaced showman, an extraordinarily able administrator, a person of disgusting vanity, a British Abe Lincoln.

In short, he is spectacular. He believes in going after "the big men." He made his early reputation by baiting Lloyd George and reinforced it by jumping on Churchill at the height of the latter's wartime glory. The ease with which he uses wits and words to beat down the Tories has made him the darling of labor's rank and file.

This story is told of his vanity: In the late "Thirties, when Churchill was battling against Chamberlain's appeasement policy and Bevan was expelled from the Labor Party, the two men found themselves at the same dinner table. Churchill pushed over a facetious note which read: "Why don't we join forces and form a two-man rebel party in the House?" On the other side of the paper Bevan replied: "What use would I have for a lieutenant who has turned on so many other of his party's leaders?"

His subsequent clashes with Churchill have become legends.

In his opening speech of the 1950 election campaign at Liverpool, Bevan orated, "In those days when he (Churchill) was an outcast I was on quite friendly terms with him. He is a man for whom I have considerable respect and who in 1940 said things in a way that was unmatched and did great service to this country. That is why I deplore the miserable mob he has got among."

To which Churchill replied in a subsequent speech: "There can be no greater insult to Lloyd George's memory than to suggest that today Wales has a second Lloyd George."

Later in the reassembled Commons Bevan made the famous speech which many interpreted as an unprincipled personal attack on Churchill: "And now to prick the bloated bladder of lies with the poniard of truth . . ." This so infuriated the Tories that their biggest oratorical guns singled him out for attack.

This same man who is the dedicated enemy of the rich, the hero of the miners, has an enormous appetite for good food, good wine, good conversation, good living. During the war



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tates rather than  
soothes the baby."

—Daily Press

"Rock-a-bye, Baby" no longer will do;  
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—Clarence Mansfield Lindsay.

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he was a frequent visitor at the Savoy Hotel, one of the few havens in an austerity country where luxuries were available. His close friend was Larry Rue, correspondent of arch-conservative, Britain-hating Col. Robert R. McCormick's Chicago Tribune. Rue himself deeply believes in McCormick's economic and political theories but this did not interfere with Bevan's lively friendship for the Tribune man, usually over a well-laden table.

In 1949 on a holiday in Venice he became well known as a connoisseur of Italian foods and wines. One night, returning to his hotel in a gondola after dining well, he sang *O Sole Mio* in a rich voice and encoored with Santa Lucia, an aria from Traviata, and finally his own beloved *Cwm Rhondda*. The gondoliers in the vicinity were encouraged to shout, "*Bravo, Excel-lencia!*"

Bevan is attractive, energetic, knowledgeable, devoted to the masses and aggressive. How did he come by these virtues which have intrigued and frightened this politically mature nation?

Aneurin Bevan became sensitive to poverty from his first years. He was the sixth of 13 children born to David Bevan, a miner in the Ty-trist pit in Tredegar, Monmouth. He was born to poverty on Nov. 15, 1897, but not, as might be imagined from his bitterness, to starvation. His mother was a tidy person with a penny and even now, her friends say, she might be Conservative if she were politically minded. Young Aneurin was reared neatly but poorly.

Five of his brothers and sisters died of childhood ailments and his father retired a sick man from the pits as soon as his first sons were old enough to become miners. Nye himself left school at the age of 13 and entered the

same Ty-trist pit. Even then there was something vibrantly aggressive about him. He worked beside his brother Billy, who was five years older, but always came home with the thicker pay packet. He sought out the deepest, most nauseous corners of the mine and worked harder than those around him. After work he spent his evenings in the library of the Workmen's Institute in Tredegar, educating himself in law and labor.

At 16 he had become an object of admiration among the miners and they collected a penny fund to send him to the Central Labor College in London. When he returned to Tredegar they made him chairman of the local miners' lodge, the largest in South Wales. A beardless boy, he was already their spokesman.

Bitterness and eloquence grew simultaneously in him. In 1916 when he was 19 years old two policemen arrived at his home on a midnight to arrest him on charges of not having reported to the Army under the Conscription Act. At that moment his sister May lay dying in the family's four-room cottage. Young Bevan bluntly informed the policemen that if they woke his sister he would kill them.

Before the local magistrate he undertook his own defense. "Is it not a fact," he demanded, "that the War Office would never call up a miner suffering from nystagmus?"

The magistrate agreed that nystagmus, an eye ailment common among pit workers, would excuse him from military service. Bevan then produced a doctor's certificate that he suffered from nystagmus. He was promptly discharged.

"I am not and never have been a conscientious objector," he declaimed before the court. "I will fight, but I will choose my own enemy, my own

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time and my own battlefield. And I won't have you do it for me."

The miners broke into cheers. They elected him to the Tredgar Council in 1919 at the age of 22 and four years later he became leader of the Council. Then he went on to the Monmouthshire County Council and at the same time acted as an official of the South Wales Miners' Federation. When these posts did not earn him enough to help out at home he added to his income by digging ditches for water pipelines in Tredgar.

In 1929 his career began in earnest. He was elected to the Commons for Ebbw Vale, polling 20,000 votes to a combined total of 13,000 for his Liberal and Conservative opponents.

Sullen, brilliant, resistant, charming, he seldom allowed the spotlight to turn away from him. When he was not baiting the political heroes of the day or pouring scorn on the lesser fry he was pursuing real and fancied hurts.

#### He's Tough But Not a Bore

In 1937 when Sir Dennis Herbert was acting Speaker during an all-night sitting of the House, Bevan shouted to him, "Leave the chair! Your conduct has been abominable." He refused to withdraw the remark and was suspended. He never forgot the incident. Four years later during a debate on the Public Schools bill he asked the Speaker, Captain Fitzroy, whether a certain line of argument was in order. Captain Fitzroy remarked, "There's not much sense to it." Bevan immediately jumped up and demanded that the Speaker withdraw the remark on pain of being suspended. The manoeuvre didn't succeed but it marked Bevan as a man who never forgets a hurt.

Such showmanly acrobatics are looked upon with tolerance and a certain amusement by old-line Labor Party leaders. "Nye may be obstreperous but he's never a bore," one of them remarked.

Yet in so volatile and many-sided a personality there are two constant facets which have accompanied his political growth and which genuinely frighten his own party no less than they frighten his Conservative enemies.

The first is that his fierce ambition has never been so opportunistic as to cause him to waver for a moment from his radical socialism, from his class consciousness, from his determination that he will attain his heart's desire, the prime ministership, without the slightest compromise. Had he been more tractable his brilliance might have long since made him Attlee's crown prince. But he fights his own leaders no less viciously than he fights the Tories.

In 1939 with Britain on the edge of war he flouted his party's warnings and joined up with Sir Stafford Cripps' ill-considered popular front campaign. This breach in Britain's unity in its fateful hour was too much for Attlee. He expelled Bevan from the Labor Party. It took seven months of negotiation by the powerful Mineworkers' Federation to convince Attlee to reinstate the firebrand. In 1944 he again opposed his party's declared policy by campaigning against a new regulation dealing with strikes.

Even in the most minor matters he refuses to conform. At the 1948 Guildhall banquet—the most formal of all state occasions—he shocked his colleagues by appearing at the head table in a lounge suit. "I came here to do a job," he offered in explanation, "not to waste money on tailoring. I shall remain true to the class that sent me to Labor College."

This brings us to the second constant

facet of his political growth—the faithfulness of his following among the ordinary Labor members of the House and among the people. No one knows the strength of this following; it has never been put to an absolute test. But it was numerous and articulate enough to impel Attlee to appoint him Minister of Health after the 1945 election; it was powerful enough to force Attlee's hand on the nationalization of iron and steel when the best brains in the Labor Party counseled against the implementation of this wildly controversial measure at a time when Labor's majority was a paper-thin six in the Commons, when national unity was essential to the 1951 program for Britain's rearmament.

Whether it was the power of this following that forced Attlee to appoint Bevan as Minister of Labor and National Service; whether it was a move by Attlee to bring labor unity to the rearmament effort; or whether it was an astute move to deflate Bevan's popularity among the working masses—this is a lively question in British politics.

Certainly the new job provides a test of the faithfulness of Bevan's following. Under the new rearmament scheme he must ask people to work harder and longer on a diet of 12 cents' worth of fresh meat per week, to lower their already dull living standards and—worst of all—to accept direction of labor from the non-essential industries to the rearmament effort. Direction of labor has always been unpopular. Attlee has nimbly tossed it to Nye Bevan.

Will he make a good job of it? On his record as an administrator the answer must be an affirmative one. His pet national health scheme, for all its unwieldiness, has worked and is popular. The Conservatives do not dare threaten to repeal it. On housing he has not lived up to his promise of July 1946 when he said: "In five years there will be no housing problem for the British working classes." There is still an acute housing problem but his bitterest opponents nevertheless credit him with a measure of success in a difficult undertaking.

Perhaps the nation's greatest hope that he will be successful in his new job, which is the key to rearmament, lies in his violent dislike of Soviet Communism.

"If there is one thing I despise," he declared a few months ago, "it is the undermining of the working classes of the world today in the name of a distorted Communism. When the working class has elected a Communist government it is the last vote it is allowed. With that last vote it destroys its liberty."

#### Warning For Churchill

Whither Nye Bevan? The Conservative press, which he has constantly attacked as "the most prostituted press in the world," likes to think he is mellowing. It points to his comfortable, self-contained home in fashionable Chelsea, his car and chauffeur, and his growing appetite for good living.

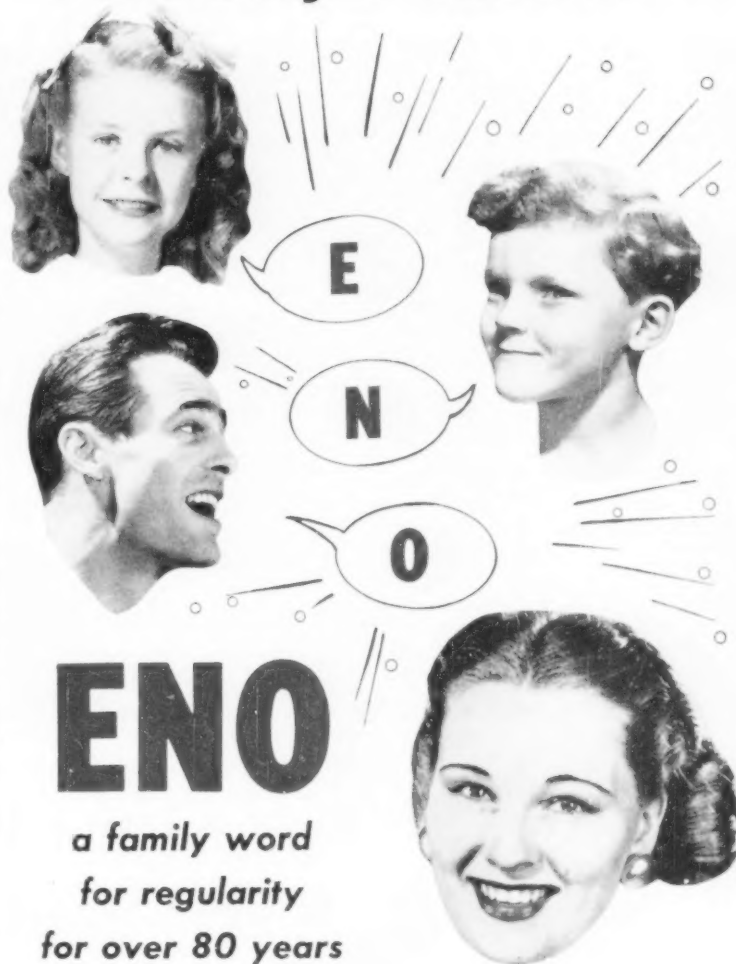
But whenever the press indulges in such wishful thinking Nye Bevan comes up with a reminder that he will never change.

The other day in the House he was, as usual, attacking Churchill. The latter, who had just returned from a heavy lunch, shifted his position on the hard front bench.

"Don't flinch now," cried Bevan, spearing his finger at the elder statesman. "Wait for the lash!"

A great many Britons no longer laugh at such shenanigans. They are waiting grimly for Nye Bevan's lash. ★

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## What to Tell Your Child About Death

*Continued from page 24*

afterwards. Another mother told her small son, "Daddy has gone on a far, far trip." For months after the child hopefully asked when his father would be coming home.

When his older sister died, the timid five-year-old son of an insurance salesman broke down sobbing, "I don't want to die! I don't want to die!" His

father assured him he had nothing to worry about; by the time he grew up doctors would have discovered a way to enable people to live forever. Was the father acting wisely in pretending there are no certain inevitable sorrows in life we have to face?

To protect a child, parents will sometimes attempt to conceal a death in the family. This rarely succeeds in doing anything more than heightening the child's anxiety. Tony, a lively, curious nine-year-old, only learned of his grandfather's death accidentally when both parents were out of town

at the funeral. They returned next day, mentioning nothing about grandfather or the funeral. Years later Tony recalls: "I felt I was in possession of a terrible secret and I thought of grandpa and his death every day for weeks afterwards. Had mother or dad spoken frankly to me for even ten minutes, I don't think it would have been the painful experience it was."

If the answer is not to be found in evasion or misrepresentation, then what can we tell a child about death?

There is no concrete formula parents may follow. What you tell your child

will depend on two things: First, the age, intelligence, and personality of your child; second, the philosophical and religious beliefs of your family. But there are certain sound basic principles that can be followed. To apply them intelligently requires an understanding of how children develop and the reaction of a child to death.

How does a child grow? He grows by observing, experimenting and by asking questions. As he develops from one stage to another he tries to broaden his understanding of the world about him. He will raise questions about sex, the weather, geography and, sooner or later, death. Many of these questions lack the emotional coloration put into them by the parent. Thus, while many adults may always regard death as a frightening topic, children may treat it with casualness. For example: A ten-year-old girl was told by her grandmother that, when she married, Grandma would help look after her babies. "Oh no you won't, Granny," the child said. "You'll be dead by then." Another child, seeing his uncle sick in bed, voiced his encouragement by saying, "Don't worry about it, Uncle. You'll soon be dead."

The parent must create an atmosphere where the child can continue to ask questions. If we taboo the subject of death or act as if it is the most horrible thing that could befall a person, then the child's questions may stop. To take the place of the sound information we might have given him he may retreat into his fantasy world and conjure up a picture of death a thousand times more terrifying than the truth. Studies of childhood fears have shown there is a wide gap between what children fear and what they have reason to fear.

Parents can help their children acquire a healthy attitude toward death in various ways. A prominent man passes away and his death is discussed in the family circle. A pet goldfish is found floating on top of the bowl one morning or a pet kitten is run over by a car and its lifeless body lies on the road. Parents, on such occasions, should encourage the child's questions, have him voice his fears.

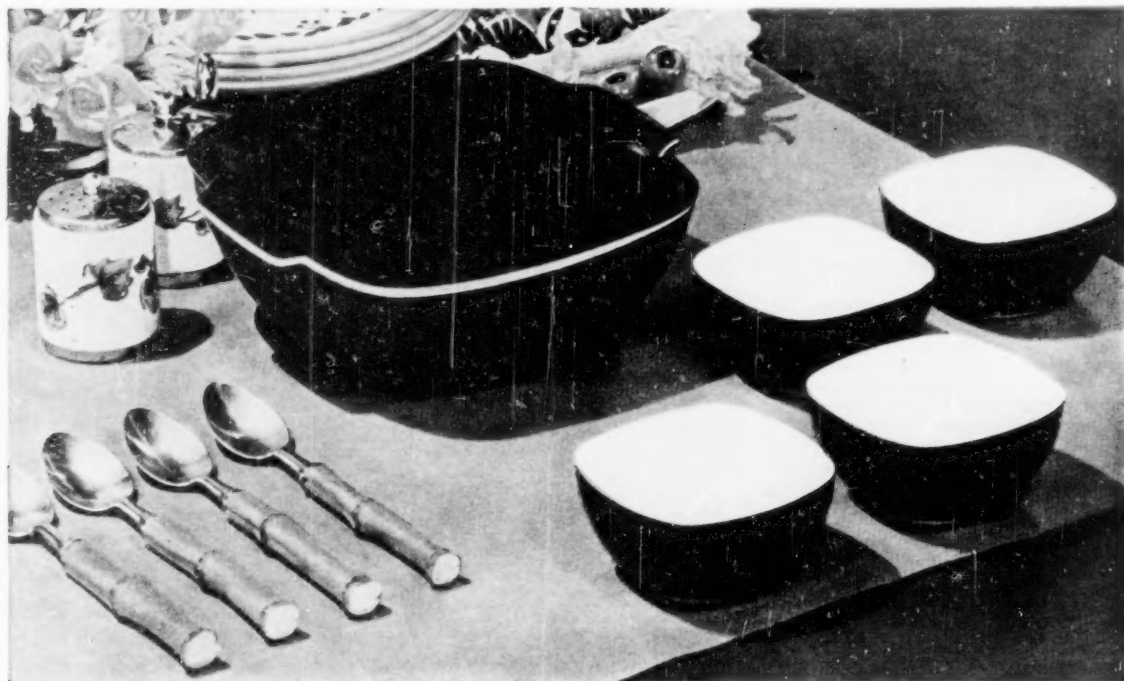
There are a few obvious lessons to be learned. The first is the biological fact of death. Death means the end of movement, the end of life, the final separation here on earth. Over and over again the parent must make it clear that death is a part of a natural cycle; it is the inevitable sequel to birth and life—a destiny we share with all forms of animal and vegetable life.

People don't want to die and the wise parent will not try to convey the opposite impression to a child. Thus, when his pet dog died, one six-year-old told his father, a doctor, "I don't want to die." His father, recognizing his feelings, replied, "I don't blame you. I don't want to die either. I like living in this house, in this town, with my family. I like seeing my friends, driving our car and going to our summer cottage. I enjoy playing golf and going fishing. All these things give me pleasure. But if you are born you have to die. I, for one, feel that the pleasures I have had out of living make it worth while for me to die."

What happens to us after we die?

In a home where no religion is practiced the answer can only be a frank, "We don't know." Emphasis is placed on the inevitable birth-life-death cycle. Parents who believe in God, but do not follow the teachings of any denomination, may find an explanation of this kind helpful:

"There are many things we don't know for certain. For example, we are not absolutely certain about what will happen to us after we die. But we



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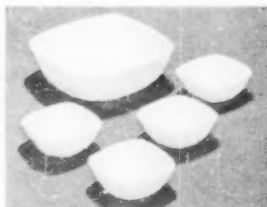
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Extra 7-ounce individual dishes **39¢ each**



80-ounce bowl with four 12-ounce dishes. Red or yellow.  
Oven-and-Table Set

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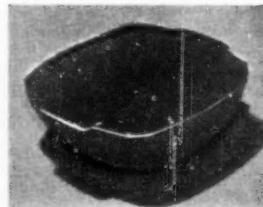
4 gay-colored dishes with clear glass covers. For baking, serving, storing.  
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shouldn't worry about it too much because the same God who made this world has made all other worlds too. Isn't it reasonable to believe that He will look after His children after they die, just as He looked after them while they lived? We should behave as well as we can while on earth and trust the rest to Him."

This explanation can be elaborated on in line with one's personal religious convictions. Even within the same religious denomination there can be considerable latitude. A Presbyterian minister, for example, may tell a child about the ultimate spiritual reunion with his father and mother after death. A United Church minister told me he would stress the persistence of personality: "Nothing beautiful, like the personality of your mother, is ever lost. We have no full knowledge of what happens after death, but we can be sure that behind it all is the love and protection of God." The emphasis on spiritual reunion is also characteristic of the Conservative and Reform Jewish faiths.

The Roman Catholic priest would be a little more concrete in his explanation. A priest told me he would speak to a bereaved child in this manner: "You will be reunited with your mother after you die. The reunion will take place in surroundings where there is no pain, no strife, no unpleasantness. In this place you will have everything you desire—even the same body, except that it will be stripped of its blemishes and imperfections. God loves you; that's why you can look forward to such a wonderful future."

Religious explanations can harm, rather than help, a child if they are not made in a thoughtful and intelligent manner. The very small child may be frightened and bewildered by talk about the "spirit" of the deceased. Or he may get the impression the deceased is spying on him, which may give him constant feelings of guilt and tension. Should we permit children to attend funerals?

There can be no pat answer to cover all children and all situations. On the one hand, it can be argued that no child should be exposed to the average family funeral, which all too often is a gruesome, emotional orgy. On the other hand, if the child is kept away while the rest of the family attends, he feels excluded and shut off from those who are nearest and dearest to him. Not being allowed to share the family sorrows means that he has to keep his thoughts and feelings to himself. This may be more harmful than his attendance at the funeral.

Six-year-old Johnny, watching his mother and older brother returning from father's funeral, their eyes swollen by tears, was confused and hurt. What had gone on? Why wasn't he considered part of the family? Wasn't it his daddy too? An eight-year-old girl I know of was excluded from the mourning rites when her grandmother died. Not being allowed to participate in the normal emotional manner she pretended she didn't care. She laughed, sang, played noisy games and otherwise made a nuisance of herself.

A common-sense method of approaching this problem might be to explain to the child what a funeral is and then give him the choice of attending or staying away. In many cases, the answer may lie in the child attending part of the funeral services.

Some ministers I spoke to were strongly opposed to children attending funerals. A United Church clergyman felt that the average Christian funeral was a shameful pagan ritual. "The church consents to some terrible stuff," he said. "All that makes for morbidity and terror is to be found there." He

felt that exhibiting the body was disturbing to the child. He had indelible memories of children at funerals—tense, trembling, the blood drawn from their faces, clinging tightly to an adult's hand for reassurance. He recalls five youngsters, all under twelve, sitting around the corpse of their mother for two days as it lay in a funeral parlor. All day long, relatives and friends came in, broke down and cried. The frightened children drank in this mass dosage of mourning.

I was told of one funeral that won the approval of my minister friend.

There was a family consisting of mother, father and two boys aged twelve and thirteen. They had always been a closely knit group. When the mother died there was only the briefest service, following which the father and two sons drove up to the family summer cottage. Instead of morbidly mourning her death, they talked about how much mother liked this country place, her special interests, her friends, her plans for the future. They also discussed how they must reorganize their life now that she was gone.

But to be truly helpful to a bereaved

child we must do more than answer his questions. We must look at death through his eyes. What does the death of a mother or father mean to a child, deep inside?

In the first place, not unexpectedly, he feels a great sense of loneliness and insecurity, which he may express in different ways. Peter, a sturdy and independent lad of six, following his father's departure, constantly asked for help in feeding and dressing. In effect, he was saying, "Look! I feel all alone and I'm frightened. I want someone to take care of me." His older



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If you'd known Dr. Green, you'd have known a mighty fine man. You'd also have known how pleased he was the day his only son, Johnny, decided to follow in his footsteps. And you'd have been really shocked when you heard of the Doctor's sudden death when Johnny was only 16. Perhaps, like a lot of folks you'd have wondered who would now pay for Johnny's medical education.

But the Doctor was nobody's fool. With his usual foresight he had asked a Canada Life man to suggest a plan that would look after Johnny's education no matter what happened. "An insurance company is like a doctor," he had said, "they can give you a lot of peace of mind, if you have confidence in them."

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sister, Betty, a sensitive blond girl, reacted in a physical way—she took to bedwetting and having digestive disorders.

Ironically, a child often blames a parent for dying. He sees it as a deliberate act of rejection. "For if mother loved me," he will reason to himself, "why did she go away and leave me?" Linda, a thoughtful six-year-old, begged her mother not to go away to a tuberculosis sanitarium. "I want you to stay home the way other mummies do," she pleaded. "If you go away I'll have to look for another mummy." When the mother died a week later Linda was convinced her mother didn't love her.

Obviously one of the immediate needs of a bereaved child is for a large portion of affection and attention from the surviving parent. If the parent is too overwhelmed by grief then another adult—someone who has always been close to the family—should fill the role. And the child has to be assured, over and over again, that the deceased parent loved him; that the parent did not leave of his own volition.

It is important to know that children usually feel guilty about a death in the family; they feel that somehow they caused it. Most kids believe they possess magical powers. What child, in a burst of anger or jealousy, has not wished that his sister or brother may die? If by some quirk of fate they should die, then the child will believe the death was the direct result of his angry wishes.

Or take the boy of five or six who is passing through the period of "being in love" with his mother. He regards his father as a rival for mother's time and affection and often wishes his father would remove himself from the scene. In his own way he tells himself, "Wouldn't it be paradise if only he weren't here!" If father dies at the height of such feeling then the youngster may look upon himself as a murderer.

Some of the unthinking things we say to children may contribute to their feelings of guilt about death. For example, many mothers will chide their youngsters by saying, "You'll be the death of me yet!" I knew of a matron in one children's institution who used to say, "After I die I bet you're going to be sorry for the way you treated me."

All of this clearly suggests one thing: the child must be assured that he was in no way responsible for the death in the family. The death was nobody's fault. Death is inevitable. Everybody must die. We cannot cause death merely by wishing for it.

What should the family attitude be toward the member who has died? Should we speak only well of him? Or, to protect the child from unnecessary pain, should we avoid reference to him entirely?

When a beloved mother or father dies there is nothing unnatural about wanting to keep the memory alive. But parents should try to avoid constant eulogies and try to speak naturally. In one home the nine-year-old son was killed in a skiing accident, leaving two sisters, one five and another six. The mother extolled the brother, his virtues as a son, student and athlete, often saying, "I guess he was too good to live!" She created the impression she preferred the dead child, and that the two survivors could never approach him in any way. Furthermore, if they ever harbored any unkind thoughts about him—and what could be more natural?—it was tantamount to a grievous sin.

Contrast this attitude with that of another mother who frequently discussed her ten-year-old daughter, who had drowned, with the rest of the family. This mother not only mentioned the girl's good points, she also referred to her difficulties and failures, emphasizing that, in spite of them, she loved her all the same.

One father told his eleven-year-old girl she was attractive and considerate like her mother who had died a few years earlier. This made the youngster recall her mother with a great deal of warmth and pleasure. On the other hand, another girl who was told, "You'd better behave because your mother is always looking down on you," came to think of her dead parent as an unsympathetic snoop.

Following a death in the family the surviving parent should try to understand how the family relationships have shifted. When a father dies there is a tendency for the mother to cling too tightly to her children, particularly the boys.

I recently met one sixteen-year-old boy who was shy, withdrawn, ill at ease with strangers. He rarely participated in sports or went to parties because his mother said she needed him at home. His father had died when he was five, leaving the wife economically independent but, unfortunately, emotionally dependent.

Another familiar figure is the eldest daughter who inherits the mother's role of looking after father and the family, thus having to forgo marriage. The assumption of too much or too little responsibility following a family death can prevent a child from growing into a healthy mature adult.

Death is not an easy thing to face—and that goes for adults as well as children. But it is an inevitable sorrow of life we must all learn to accept. If we tell our child the facts of death as we know them then he will be free to go on with the more immediate business of living. If we fail him by a conspiracy of silence then we abandon him to the mercy of the unknown terrors conjured up by his imagination. ★

\*\*\*\*\*

## Lullaby For All Ages

Hushaby, baby—I bet you a dollar  
I'll soon charm away that tempestuous holler.  
Hushaby now—it's no time to be keeping  
Me grimly awake when I'd rather be sleeping.  
Yes, Daddy is blinking and yawning, but maybe  
I'm setting a splendid example for baby  
Oh, you're as alert as a chickadee, but I  
Could very well do with a session of shut-eye.  
Watch with those wide-open peepers how soon your  
Weary old pater can outdistance junior,  
Hush, little chap. Stay awake, if you'd rather,  
And note how the sandman performs on your father.

—P. J. Blackwell

\*\*\*\*\*



## The Day Halifax Blew Up

Continued from page 19

shore toward which their smoking ship was drifting inexorably, but across the channel toward Dartmouth.

It was now nine o'clock.

In Halifax the city clocks chimed—for the last time in many months.

In dozens of schools children were settling restlessly for the first lessons of the day.

The main streets were alive with pedestrians and workers were streaming into office buildings. They paused to stare as a horsedrawn fire engine clanged noisily through the morning traffic, headed for the waterfront. Its crew clung to the lurching vehicle, knowing only that the destination was Pier Eight. A waterfront greaser, Constant Upham, had seen the smoking Mont Blanc drifting a few hundred yards off shore and had turned in an alarm.

No particle of those firemen or their horses was ever seen again.

In the Richmond Station of the Canadian Government Railway near Pier Eight, operator Vincent Coleman watched the Mont Blanc drifting toward him. He too guessed the dread meaning of the blue flames darting out of her shattered hull. Reaching for his telegraph key, he tapped to his head office a dramatic message: "Ammunition ship is on fire and is making for Pier Eight. Good-by."

That was the last ever heard of Vincent Coleman.

It was now four minutes past nine o'clock—twenty-one minutes after the Imo and Mont Blanc had locked hulls in collision.

Across the water on the Dartmouth shore the Mont Blanc's lifeboats grated on the beach, and Captain Lemedec and his men leaped out and sprinted wildly for the shelter of a nearby clump of trees.

Two hundred yards from the Mont Blanc as she drifted slowly toward Pier Eight, the British transport Middleton Castle lay at anchor. On deck, about to board a small boat to go ashore, was Third Officer Mayers. Having just come from his cabin on the shoreward side of the ship he could not see the Mont Blanc and knew nothing of the collision.

### Tidal Wave Drowns Hundreds

Out of hundreds of freak escapes and strange ordeals which were to be written into the story of the Halifax disaster, fate at that instant was selecting Mayers for the most bizarre.

At 9.05 a.m., at the precise moment when Mayers was climbing into the small boat, the Mont Blanc let go.

In one shattering second two square miles of north-end Halifax and a large section of Dartmouth across the harbor were leveled, and virtually every inhabitant of those two areas was killed or injured.

In the remaining part of both municipalities every single pane of glass flew into showers of deadly daggers, sending hundreds of persons screaming through the streets with torn faces and slashed eye alls.

At least a hundred separate fires broke out in a matter of seconds, while a rain of lethal debris began to fall over the areas, puncturing the roofs of many buildings still standing and killing scores of fleeing survivors of the original blast.

The sinking Mont Blanc had been low in the water when the explosion occurred, with the result that gigantic forty-foot concentric tidal waves roared across the harbor at express speed. An estimated two hundred people standing

on the nearby shore were instantly engulfed by the wall of water, with no survivors.

The monstrous wave snatched up the Stella Maris just as she got her line aboard the munitions ship at the moment of the explosion, and hurled her bodily over Pier Eight with the loss of her entire crew.

The big Imo, fleeing frantically toward the Dartmouth shore, was likewise flung in a great shattered hulk on the shore near Tuft's Cove on the far side of the channel. Her captain's head was blown off as he stood on the bridge and pilot Hayes and most of the crew were also lost. More lucky, the crew of the Mont Blanc escaped death in their shelter of trees not far away.

### A Gun Flew Two Miles

Of the fire engine, which was just beginning to slacken speed near Pier Eight when the disaster occurred, the only identifiable part of the men or the team ever located was a charred horse collar, stamped H.F.D., found on the roof of a building two miles beyond Halifax outskirts.

Also en route to Pier Eight from another direction, Fire Chief Condon and Deputy Chief Edward Brunt were instantly killed when the blast tossed their automobile upside down on top of them. Reporter Jack Ronayne of the Halifax Echo, following the fire car on a newsman's hunch, was also killed.

Two ships tied up near HMS Niobe were shattered, and the ponderous warship suffered heavy casualties.

The disintegration of the Mont Blanc was so complete that an estimated one hundred persons were killed in Halifax and Dartmouth by flying portions of her hull and superstructure. The most fantastic of these incidents sent a twenty-foot length of heavy steel chain from her deck flying a mile and a half across the harbor, where it sliced through the wall of a small military hospital, killing a number of patients and causing part of the building to collapse. One of the Mont Blanc's heavy deck guns was found two miles inshore.

Third Officer Mayers of the Middleton Castle recovered consciousness an hour after the explosion, lying naked and alone on high ground a half mile inshore. His ship had been blown to pieces and almost all of the crew killed.

Throughout Halifax, but notably in the leveled northern section known as Richmond, bodies littered the streets—hundreds of them dismembered, decapitated, or torn or charred beyond recognition. The moans and screams of the injured rose above the bedlam of the devastated city to mingle in a terrible cacophony with the shouts of terror-stricken crowds stumbling through the streets.

In a country more than three years at war many were sure the city had been bombed by German aircraft or shelled from the sea and there was no radio or public-address system to tell them otherwise. Crippled public services were in no shape to deal with the disaster. Heavy damage to hospitals limited medical help, and the next day many injured persons were still wandering dazedly through the streets.

Buildings destroyed included the King Edward Hotel, the Armories, the main railway station, the government drydock and warehouses, the Market Hall, Wellington Barracks, the Halifax Exhibition buildings, the Home for the Deaf, a Protestant Orphanage, Admiralty House, several breweries and foundries and half a dozen churches and schools.

One hundred children were instantly killed in the collapse of the Richmond



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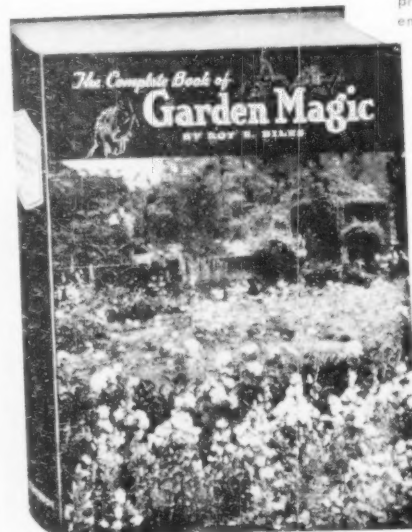
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STARRING IN  
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Spark plugs  
also look alike  
but...

Public School, and most of the other pupils were injured. Weeping rescue-workers—including dozens of frantic parents—were unable to lift massive beams from many of the tiny crushed forms before their feeble cries ended in death. Fifty boys and girls lost their lives in St. Joseph's School and in the Protestant Orphanage casualties were also heavy.

The hard-hit Halifax Fire Department was fighting hopeless odds until engines and men arrived from outside municipalities. Even with this help it was 24 hours before the danger of fire engulfing the whole city was averted.

With the small Police Department swamped, uniformed soldiers and sailors took on the task of averting mass hysteria and restoring order. Their work was complicated by a blizzard which blew up in a few hours, blacking out most of the area and seriously impeding all traffic. By midnight the temperature had plummeted to 12 below zero, bringing added hardship to injured and rescuers.

Soon after the Mont Blanc blew up the battered city was threatened with two other major explosions, either one of which would have completed the destruction and wiped out much of the remaining population. Both threats were averted through acts of great heroism.

One local arsenal, filled with munitions awaiting transport overseas, was ringed with raging fires on three sides when a detachment of the Seventy-Second Ottawa Battalion under a Lieutenant Olmstead opened the water mains and flooded the place, remaining in the midst of the munitions until the icy water rose to their chins and all danger was past.

Meanwhile, on the devastated waterfront Captain J. W. Harrison, Marine Superintendent of the Furness-Withy Line, had met another crisis. At the moment of the explosion a second munitions ship, the S.S. Picton, had been tied up some distance from Pier Eight while 60 men stowed provisions.

Seeing the Mont Blanc afire and knowing the Picton's dangerous cargo, the 60 dockmen rushed aboard the Picton and had just closed her hatch covers when the Mont Blanc exploded. Miraculously, the Picton's load was not detonated, but the pier roof collapsed and killed all the men, while the blast killed most of the Picton's crew. The rest abandoned ship just as flames broke out in her battered superstructure.

Captain Harrison, aware of the Picton's cargo of munitions, rushed to the dock and hacked through her hawsers. Then he clambered aboard the deserted ship and, as she drifted out into the harbor, he rigged up a fire hose single-handed and kept the flames under control until help arrived and the fire was extinguished. The opinion was afterward expressed that the explosion of the Picton's cargo would have killed another six thousand.

In every street in Halifax and Dartmouth heart-rending scenes were taking place. Scores of businessmen rushed home from the less badly hit downtown districts to find their families wiped out and their houses in ruins. In one temporary morgue alone two hundred corpses were classified as hopelessly unrecognizable. Many of the dead were soldiers home on leave who had survived two and three years in the trenches.

Next to Richmond's corpse-littered streets, the heaviest loss of life occurred along the waterfront and in ships on the harbor. Two tugs set about picking up floating bodies and three days later were still shuttling back and forth with their sodden lifeless cargo's.

So thick were the bodies in the harbor offshore that a dredge was employed to bring them to the surface; two hundred were recovered in this fashion. On shore demolition workers were paid a bonus by city officials for each body recovered.

Meanwhile, with communications cut off as a result of the collapse of telephone and telegraph lines, it was hours before details of the tragedy spread across a shocked Canada and the continent.

Seventy-five miles away at Truro citizens who had rushed from their shaking houses at the sound of the blast did not hear the full explanation until the arrival of the first emergency train hours later. It was laden with injured and dying and delivered the first incoherent newspaper dispatches.

Outside help came quickly. Doctors, nurses and Red Cross workers poured into the city, along with reinforcements for soldiers and sailors working without rest or food.

Emergency accommodation got top priority and every habitable building and hundreds of hastily pegged Army tents soon held patients, relief workers and homeless. Every city and province of Canada sent trained personnel, food and other assistance, while the Commonwealth of Massachusetts dispatched a corps of doctors and nurses.

From London King George cabled sympathy and the British Government backed it up with a cash donation of five million dollars.

In Ottawa, Governor-General the Duke of Devonshire and Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden called for a nationwide mobilization of relief facilities; war-weary Canadians forgot forty-two months of privation and sacrifice to aid their stricken fellow-citizens.

### Blinded Kids at Christmas

Trainloads of supplies and equipment arrived. Other trainloads were not so welcome. Many Americans, morbidly curious, sought to reach Halifax at the height of relief activity and were intercepted and turned back.

There was no looting, although for many days merchants' wares stood in reach of passers-by through gaping window frames. Suspicion of enemy sabotage died hard, and by the end of the week authorities had rounded up all persons of German birth or citizenship not already interned.

One of the most terrible aftereffects of the disaster was the high incidence of eye injuries caused by flying glass splinters. In one day sixty persons had eyes removed at Victoria Hospital alone, and by Dec. 12 the total had risen to two hundred. It was later estimated that between two and three hundred were blinded permanently while many lost one eye. Doctors agreed that one of the most harrowing sequels of the holocaust was the sight of ward after ward of blinded or half-blinded children on the eve of Christmas.

One post-explosion freak was the fact that Africville, a Negro district directly in line of the blast and consisting entirely of frame houses, escaped with light damage and only one death, whereas modern buildings farther from the scene were totally destroyed.

Similarly, thirty-six cadets at the Naval College near Pier Eight sat unconcerned and watched the burning Mont Blanc drifting offshore only five hundred yards away, and escaped without serious injury when she blew up an instant later. Yet persons two and three miles away, protected by intervening steel and brick structures, were killed.

By Saturday night 1,020 bodies had

*Continued on page 50*



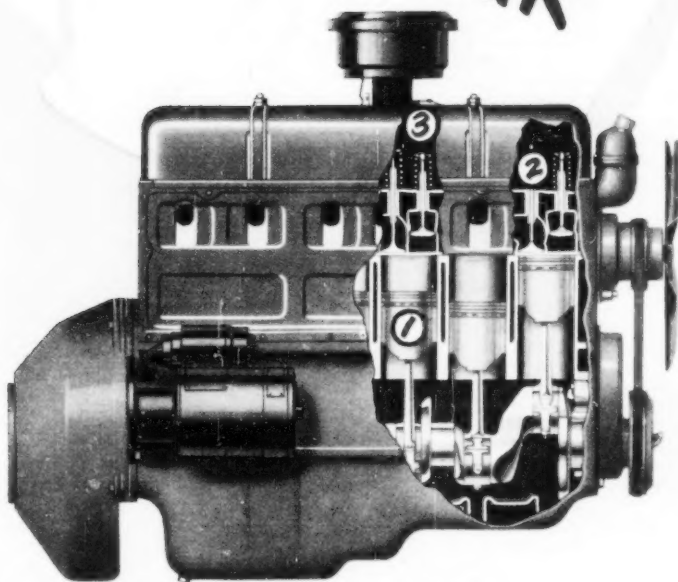
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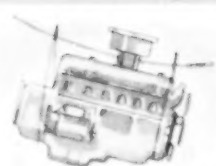
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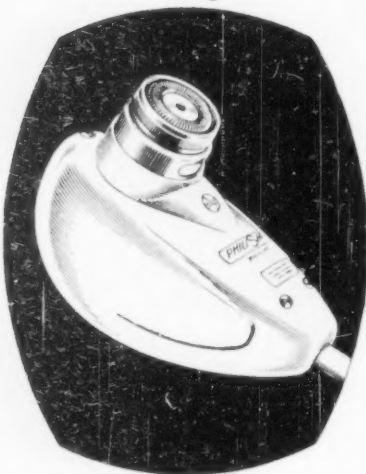


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Continued from page 48

been recovered and a week later the toll had risen to 1,600 known dead, 300 missing, 8,000 injured and 20,000 homeless. Of the dead, 150 lost their lives in Dartmouth.

No exact death toll was ever agreed upon because scores of bodies vanished without trace, hundreds of others could not be recognized and morgues contained great gruesome stacks of arms, legs, heads and torsos which posed a futile and grisly task of sorting and matching; the last remains were buried in nameless graves. A few bodies were found completely unmarked and with features in repose, indicating sudden and painless death through blast.

#### The Red Flag Didn't Fly

Captain Lemedec of the Mont Blanc had been detained by the British Admiralty in Halifax after the disaster, and the official probe opened in Halifax Dec. 13 under Justice Drysdale, Judge in Admiralty. The principal witnesses were Captain Lemedec, Pilot Mackay and Alex Johansen, steward and one of the few survivors of the Imo.

On the absence of a red warning flag at the masthead of the Mont Blanc, it was argued by Captain Lemedec that this would have brought on his ship's trail every hostile submarine in the West Atlantic. Anyhow, his counsel submitted, the issue was not what the vessels carried, but how they were navigated and steered.

In one grimly humorous part of the proceedings it was established that on the morning of the collision as they stood on the bridge of the Mont Blanc, Captain Lemedec and Pilot Mackay had no means of carrying on a conversation. The captain admitted that he understood no English, and Mackay's stout assertion that he knew "a little French" was soon exploded by the court.

When asked how he would instruct a Frenchman to reduce to half speed, Mackay replied that he would shout "Demitasse."

Queried by the court through an interpreter on what a French officer would do if a pilot cried "Demitasse!" Second Officer Joseph Leveque of the Mont Blanc replied, "Naturally. I would go below immediately for a cup of coffee."

On Feb. 4, 1918, the Drysdale Commission handed down its report laying full blame for the collision on Mackay and Lemedec, alleging that they had violated the rules of the road while attempting to pass the Imo. Both men were placed under arrest on charges of manslaughter which, however, were later withdrawn because of insufficient evidence.

The curtain came down on the disaster in October 1920 after a long-drawn-out civil action in which the owners of the two ships counter-claimed for damages. The case was fought bitterly through Canadian courts and finally was carried to Britain, where the Privy Council ruled that "both ships were to blame for their reciprocal neglect."

Meanwhile, Halifax lay in ruins with sixteen hundred newly buried dead, victim of the greatest explosion in the history of mankind to that time, and a grim reminder of the vulnerability of a civilian community in time of war. ★

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## The Best 75-Cent Meal in the Country

Continued from page 11

salmon. (Restigouche salmon until the member for Gaspé objects, then Gaspé salmon until a member from B. C. points out his province is being discriminated against.)

Every day a member can order a steak—a \$1.25 item. The chef's special is often roast beef, with the members' predilection for meat and potatoes the reason for the choice. There is almost always a choice of eight items, ranging from curried veal with rice, poached salmon with cucumber sauce, scrambled eggs with asparagus tips, veal chop *sauté milanaise*, baked York ham with raisin sauce, and cold meat plate to special orders of cod when Newfoundland members get homesick, a boiled dinner for the *Quebecois*, or Winnipeg goldeye for the westerner.

The price for lunch used to be 50 cents and for dinner 65 cents until 1948. At that time the joint committee took cognizance of spiraling food prices and the equally spiraling restaurant losses and boosted the prices to 75 cents. All foods used are the best money can buy.

At the cafeteria the same food, prepared in the crowded restaurant kitchen and sent down the two floors on steam tables, is served for 50 cents to about 1,500 customers a day. Here a cabinet minister in a hurry, a page boy, a messenger, a lowly stenographer and member of parliament rub elbows as they line up democratically. Mid-morning and mid-afternoon coffee hour finds conviviality and intermingling of parties and departments. The bleak dismal atmosphere does not seem to deter gossip and conversation.

The service problem is accentuated by the fact that the restaurant stays open an undefined time, depending on the length of the session but mostly averaging six months a year.

#### Once There Was a Pincher

The restaurant employs two bilingual hostesses, and tries to keep about 30 to 40 waitresses on call, 17 on duty for lunch and dinner, nine at breakfast. Between sessions there is a skeleton staff of six, including the manager, chef and hostesses, as it would be impossible to find new key figures each year.

Peculiarly enough, in spite of the uncertain periods of work, waitresses are always ready to come back. The restaurant, they feel, gives them a certain prestige, and there is always the heady sensation of being where things are happening. Some are Ottawa housewives who only work during the sessions. Others take jobs during parliament's recess in such places as Nassau, Banff, and Bigwin Inn, Ont.

Their pay is the average waitress' salary of \$65 to \$75 a month. Tips range from a dime to 50 cents, depending on the girl's popularity and her beat in the dining room. A popular girl serving at good tables may make up to \$100 a month. They serve from 300 to 500 customers a day and report there is no doodling on the table cloths.

The waitresses are wise to the ways of Ottawa. Recently when their uniforms faded to an indeterminate color they campaigned like veteran politicians for new ones. One cabinet minister remarked: "My waitress lobbied me until there was nothing to do but give in." Enough MPs on the joint committee had been lobbied too by their waitresses to put the matter through as "necessary expense."

Senators are favorite customers. Waitresses say they are never in a

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hurry. One pretty young waitress speaks nostalgically of an elderly customer who would annoy her by pinching her leg at each meal. She got so used to this daily strife that she misses him now that he's gone to where all good senators go.

When a member wants to give a private party he reserves one of the private dining rooms flanking the restaurant. The most attractive is the New Zealand room which seats 14, faces over the river westward and is named for the wood with which it is paneled. Here Louis St. Laurent recently entertained Sidney Holland, Prime Minister of New Zealand. The menu was: celery, olives, radishes; supreme of grapefruit *frappé*, *tournedos rossini*, *pommes parisiennes*, *pointes d'asperges*, *sauce mousseline*, *salade de printemps*, peach melba, *petits fours*, *café*. Chef Martin with his usual diplomacy will not reveal either the price of the meal, or whether wines were served.

The other two private dining rooms opening from the vestibule of the restaurant (seating capacity 45) are often used for cocktail parties by members. There is a story about one affair where an amateur barkeep emptied scotch and rye whiskies into the same decanter. His horrified supervisor realized there was no time to send out for more non-mixed refreshments. So with a straight face and a prayer he kept the decanter under the bar and served the customers' preference out of the concoction. Only one MP out of about 50 present hesitated; "I don't think this scotch," he objected. The bartender promptly poured him another of the same. The customer smelled the brew, tasted it and went away happily murmuring, "Yes, that's better."

The manager of this menage, 200-lb., six-foot-one William Jennings, looks like a rough-hewn edition of Noel Coward. Though he was born some miles beyond the sound of Bow Bells there is a tinge of Cockney to his accent. He is the Earl of Athlone's gift to Canada.

Jennings had been in domestic service in England since his boyhood, serving as a schoolroom footman to the Earl of Powis and working also for the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Kent. The latter was going back into the RAF about the time his uncle, the Earl of Athlone, was en route to Canada as governor-general. So the young Duke loaned Jennings to his royal uncle.

When Athlone was going back to England, Jennings at the urging of his wife decided to stay in Canada. The Earl spoke to Prime Minister King. The job as manager of the Parlia-

mentary Restaurant was open and as a favor to the Earl the P.M. gave the job to Jennings.

Jennings will be the first to admit that Chef Louis Martin, a quick small man dwarfed by his immense starched chef's hat, initiated him in restaurant management, entirely a different thing from being a house steward in a royal household.

The chef, who used to spend the parliamentary recess making preserves, jams and jellies (they are now purchased ready made), creates delicacies from his old recipes at the request of Ottawa embassies and clubs. He is in demand among Ottawa's *haut monde* for those special gifts the Parliamentary Restaurant utilizes only on the few occasions when a Quebec gourmet, such as Senator Lucien Morand, throws a private luncheon party.

Above the chef and Jennings is dignified, businesslike Col. W. J. Franklin, the Sergeant-at-Arms. From his suite of offices on the ground floor he settles disputes, rules on matters of purchasing and costs, and worries about the political implications of hiring and firing. This aspect of the Parliamentary Restaurant is sometimes complicated by the MPs who come to the aid of their favorite waitress when she has for some reason grossly neglected her duties. Col. Franklin's favorite comment on this job, which is part of his general managership of the Parliament Buildings, is a suave, "But you see, we live in a political atmosphere here."

The final word on any matter (shades of Child's and Murray's!) comes from the handsome huge paneled tapestried office of the Speaker of the House. Here, in the atmosphere of dignity and tradition, under the frescoed ceiling, surrounded by the appurtenances of state, matters from the restaurant's monetary deficiency to a senator's badly boiled egg may come up.

The best time perhaps to get the feeling of the restaurant is any Monday morning when members and senators return from their week ends. The Ottawa River flows green beyond the windows, verdant Parliament Hill sends up its summer scent, the Rideau Hills slope blue to the horizon. There is talk of wheat and oil and fish, homey talk drifting to you in snatches.

And at the next table three senators bend over their porridge. "So then I told Laurier . . ."

"Did you serve under Meighen?"

"No, I was a Bennett man."

"My memory isn't as good as it used to be."

"I used to think if a senator died before he was 80 he was cut off in the bloom of youth. Now I don't know, I don't know." ★



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The sleek tailored trenchcoat sketched above is of wool and rayon with satin lining. Available across Canada — ask for Style #777. Navy... grey... or beige... only \$29.95.

LR.1

## London Letter

Continued from page 4

there is the clash of the critics from which one can come to a reasonable verdict. Incidentally there is so much competition that each critic tries to distinguish himself from his rivals by developing a pungency or humor or a style of his own. This applies especially to the Sunday newspapers where news does not occupy the same importance and reviews dominate the issue.

Now whether there should be Sunday newspapers or not is a matter capable of discussion. Actually they are not produced (although they are distributed and read) on the Lord's Day. It is your Monday morning newspaper which makes its staff work on Sunday.

In Britain we believe that the day of rest is the time when politics, international affairs and the arts can be studied with a proper leisure. Politically the Sunday press is vitally important. It frequently reverses the whole trend of public opinion since it can give more space and thought to the subject.

In all this I am referring only to the London press since the publishing situation in Britain is different from any other country because of the small size of this turbulent little island. Take, for example, Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express, a newspaper which is not unknown to me since for some years I was its editor.

### Not An Unmixed Blessing

The Daily Express has its main printing headquarters and plants in London, Manchester and Glasgow with full editorial and mechanical staffs in all three, except that the managerial and editorial control is centred in London. All three plants are linked together by private wires across which there is teleprinter communication. Photographs can also be wired and reproduced in a matter of minutes.

Thus the Daily Express can be on the breakfast table in any city or town in any part of the country on the day of publication. The editorials, features and main news items are the same but the local news is given special value. Thus a tramway accident in Glasgow would hit the top of the front page of the Scottish Daily Express, perhaps reach the bottom of an inside page for the Manchester edition and not even be given two lines in London. But in spirit and style it is all one paper.

This development has inevitably caused the decline of the provincial mornings. There are notable exceptions like the Manchester Guardian, the Yorkshire Post and the Scotsman, but the huge circulations go to what are called "the nationals."

Thus the Daily Express sells approximately four million copies a day, the Daily Mail two millions, the socialist Daily Herald about the same as the Mail, while the tabloid Daily Mirror is probably four and a half millions. These are gigantic circulations unknown in any other country.

I do not claim for a moment that this development is an unmixed blessing. Undoubtedly it places enormous power in the hands of the press lords, and remember that newspapers can not only influence public opinion by what they print but by what they leave out. In fact some three years or so ago Herbert Morrison forced his followers in the House of Commons to demand the setting up of a Royal Commission to enquire into the iniquities of the Press, with the idea of setting up a central body of control.

One of the witnesses who gave evidence was Lord Beaverbrook who

startled the commission by bluntly declaring that the only interest he had in his newspapers (Daily Express, Sunday Express and London Evening Standard) was to use them as an instrument of propaganda. "I want to advocate the causes I believe in," said the Beaver. "That is why I bought the Express in the first place."

Aghast at such candor one of the commissioners asked if his editors always agreed with his views on public questions. "Not always," said Beaverbrook, "and I have never forced my opinions into the paper over the editor's head."

After a long period of gestation the commission brought out a report which criticized many minor aspects of the British Press but came to the conclusion there was no corruption of any sort at any level, that the advertisers wielded no influence upon editorial policy, and that the general conduct of the newspapers was unsurpassed in any part of the world.

Naturally, as one who has given nearly all his adult life to the black art, I rejoiced at this vindication of Britain's newspapers. After all the Press is the unofficial fourth estate, taking its place with the Houses of Parliament, the Courts and the Church. Each has a right to criticize the other — not only a right but a duty — but none should go beyond the normal limits of criticism. To impugn the basic integrity of the Press was a fundamental blunder.

Yet I must repeat that this development of huge nation-wide circulations has its bad aspects as well as its good. In favor is the fact that a national newspaper has financial resources which enable it to give a service in features and foreign news which would be quite beyond the purse of a local newspaper. On the other hand it must lose the character of a newspaper which is produced for one definite community and expresses that community's point of view.

In the U. S. and elsewhere in the Commonwealth the local newspaper is still powerful and it is left to the magazines to cover the national field. This is admirable providing the local newspapers do not go to sleep from lack of competition. I think if I owned a newspaper with no rival I would create one. A horse never runs as fast when it is the only entry in the race.

But in London with its huge population the newspaper business has become so prodigious that no one now could safely start a newspaper without



"Just slip this on and stand right here — I'll only be a few minutes!"

## A MACLEAN'S MINIATURE

Norman Creighton tells you what happens in Hantsport, N.S., his home-town,

## EVERY NIGHT AT SEVEN

BEGINNING A NEW FEATURE  
IN MACLEAN'S, MAY 15

strong financial resources. I do not say that if a new Beaverbrook or Northcliffe emerged that their genius and drive would not overcome all obstacles, but it would be infinitely harder than in the past.

For example the popular nationals still sell for a penny, the only commodity in existence which is the same price as before the war. A newcomer with a small circulation would derive little revenue indeed from his share of the penny after the news agents had taken their legitimate cut. It is only when the sales soar into the millions that halfpennies and pennies come into their own.

Already the London penny papers are urging that the price should be put up to three halfpence but Beaverbrook is showing a reluctance to join in. He does not want to do anything that will reduce his number of readers, and certainly any increase in price would cut down on the present habit of the British in taking two or even more newspapers a day. But I prophesy the early arrival of the three halfpenny national.

Some idea of the magnitude of newspaper production in Britain can be gathered from the fact that an extra halfpenny on a circulation of four millions like the Express would mean an increased gross revenue of nearly a million pounds a year.

As a writer I have reason to be grateful for the emergence of these big-circulation newspapers since they pay top prices to contributors like myself, yet there was something to be said for the situation as I found it when I entered London journalism in 1920. As I remember it the evening field consisted of the Globe, Standard, Star, Westminster Gazette and News. Some of them were being financed on a shoestring but they went down with all guns firing. There were more newspapers too in the morning and it was a sad day when the Chronicle and Morning Post lost their identity by being merged with their more powerful rivals.

They also went down in the battle for the big circulations and from that time no new London morning, evening or Sunday newspaper has appeared unless we except the Recorder, which was launched by a former Express journalist, W. J. Brittain.

Yet, perhaps, at this moment there is some gifted unknown fellow strolling on the Embankment as the newspaper vans rush by on their way to news agents or railway stations, a fellow dreaming of a newspaper that is different, or dreaming of a cause that will rally the people to him. Nothing lasts for ever, not even newspaper empires.

He will need a strong sword, a tight belt and a stout heart if he is going to take on those doughty barons Rothermere, Beaverbrook, Kemsley and Camrose. Yet if there is such a one I wish him good fortune in spite of my friendly relations with the existing dynasties. ★



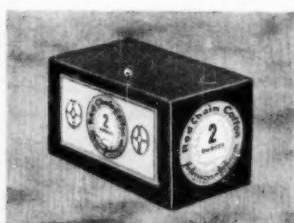


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# CANADIAN NATIONAL

THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES

## Moose Jaw — Playboy of The Prairies

*Continued from page 15*

Moose Jaw. A moose head is part of the official crest on the city's stationery and there are moose plaques on one of the river viaducts, but apart from this fleeting recognition the city's symbol is ignored.

Some years ago there was a small herd of moose in the city's 500-acre Wild Animal Park, two and a half miles south of the city, but the country proved unsuitable and the moose died off. Before it vanished the herd made a final contribution to the city's tradition for unorthodox hospitality.

Before it was disbanded during World War II the old Moose Jaw Club was host to the town's most prosperous business and professional men and the scene of merry entertainment. The big event each year was a fish-and-game dinner. Visitors came from all Saskatchewan to sample the club's hospitality, and the gastronomic highlight was moose-meat steak, imported from a Saskatoon butcher.

One year the promised moose meat failed to arrive. With the club's reputation for a spectacular table in the balance, two of the city's leading citizens drove out to Wild Animal Park with a .30.30 rifle in the back of their car. The next night the dinner went off without a hitch and with no unfortunate change in the original menu.

The Wild Animal Park is a unique attraction, with buffalo, elk, yak and several types of deer and antelope roaming through five hundred acres of rolling, bluff-covered countryside. The land, given to the city by a pioneer philanthropist, the late J. R. Green,

was converted to a park in 1928 amid plans for a mammoth opening ceremony.

An enthusiastic newspaper reporter wrote a series of stories building up the public to "the Last Ride of the Indians," a spectacle that was to include a thousand Indians on horseback, chasing buffalo across the open plains to a natural amphitheatre where scarlet-coated Mounties were to wait in ambush to re-enact a historic battle. The publicity attracted thousands of spectators.

Finally, with crowds rimming the amphitheatre, two blushing Mounties appeared on horseback and watched while half a dozen sleepy-looking buffalo were nudged from a nearby bush by six embarrassed Rotarians dressed as redskins. It came as no surprise to most Moose Jaw citizens that the reporter who originated the fiasco was from Regina.

One of the most virile characteristics of Moose Jaw has been its not-so-friendly rivalry with Regina, 45 miles to the east.

One time a reporter for the Regina Leader-Post, Jerry Hogan, became a sort of civic hero in Moose Jaw when he announced his intention of buying the Moose Jaw Times-Herald from its taciturn publisher, the late Tom Millar. Millar had followed a grey straight-laced policy through the town's merriest and most spectacular era, and many citizens looked for a brighter, livelier journal. Some of them took over the old Royal George hotel and threw a party for Hogan that lasted three days. On the fourth, when Hogan went back to his Regina job, the hoax was uncovered. Everyone agreed it was a good party anyway.

Lately the rivalry between the two cities has languished on Regina's side, but Moose Jaw still works to keep it





alive. After last year's railway strike the first train to move was a shuttle from Moose Jaw to Regina. The CPR public relations office in Winnipeg made the mistake of announcing that the first train left Regina.

The Times-Herald protested editorially: "Even the public relations department of the CPR appears to suffer from the Regina complex. What we would like a lot of chaps to get into their noodles, including the CPR at Winnipeg, is that the first passenger train to run after the strike ended started from Moose Jaw, and on the shuttle service Regina is only the turnaround point. It's the tank town where the engine takes on water."

Anxious to maintain his city's rivalry with Saskatchewan's capital is Moose Jaw's mayor, stocky, red-headed Louis H. "Scoop" Lewry. Lewry is an energetic ex-newspaperman (he once held reporting jobs for three rival news outfits, the Moose Jaw Times-Herald, Regina Leader-Post and Station CHAB, at the same time) and he bears his nickname "Scoop" much more often than "His Worship." Last year Lewry tried to lure Firestone Corporation to Moose Jaw after it had announced plans for a warehouse in Regina. He didn't succeed but he says he came close enough to draw a sharply worded "Hands Off!" from Regina's mayor, Garnet Menzies.

Lewry carries on the mayoralty of Moose Jaw in the best madcap tradition. His predecessors had fist fights in the council chamber and adjourned meetings for hockey games, but none ever sent crying towels to the mayors of neighboring towns whose sports teams were about to meet Moose Jaw's. Nor did any of them invite forty-eight governors of the United States to spend their summer vacation in Moose Jaw (none accepted

but most replied, declining with thanks).

Lewry's letter writing has made a full-time job of the mayor's office, formerly an every other day proposition. He types them himself and they run to a hundred a month. Most are to established industries, inviting them to locate branches in Moose Jaw. So far his letters have netted three garment manufacturing plants, and he's hoping for a new million-dollar brewery by 1952.

#### Should Cats Carry Bells?

Apart from his administrative duties, Lewry finds time to conduct a "beef session" with citizens each Thursday afternoon and gives a folksy fifteen-minute radio résumé of civic activities each Sunday. Sample fare: "During July and August we went after a brewery, assisted in getting a new garment-trade school, visited various playgrounds, took part in some pillow fights, attended the Moose Jaw and Regina exhibitions, made several trips to Regina on city business, attended all of the city council meetings and managed to get in a few days' fishing."

As mayor he also conducts radio appeals and sells tags for charitable organizations and officiates at the opening of everything from new business enterprises to social events. His conscientious attendance at inaugurals gave rise to a crack from a Moose Jaw housewife who was asked by a neighbor to loosen the top of a pickle jar. "Why not ask the mayor?" was her reply. "He's opened everything else in town this week."

Always keenly aware of current public sentiment, Moose Jaw city council tackles important or trifling issues with almost equal enthusiasm. One of the hottest was a campaign by

*Continued on page 57*

# triple-action HOOVER

It's the brand-new... the very latest Hoover... the kind that beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans — with gentle vibration, smooth brushing and swift suction.

**New Features** Hoover Model 118, handsomely styled in beige and brown, features many wonderful conveniences: toe-operated switch, lighter weight, triple-position handle lock, easier handling, minimum storage requirement.

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Consult the yellow pages  
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And you'll especially like this new Hoover because it's big enough for regular housecleaning, more manageable for last minute pickup jobs, *always* ready for use. Nothing to attach. Just plug in, and clean!

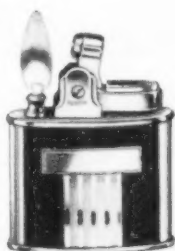
**New Low Price** Why wait any longer for the Hoover you've always wanted? Model 118 is priced so low it's as easy to own as it is to operate. To see this great new cleaner in action right in your own home, call your Hoover Dealer. No obligation to buy.

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Cleaning tools for above-the-floor dusting plug in front. Cleaner rolls right along as you use tools.

#### Mother's Day is May 13th



RONSON STANDARD  
Black enamel, \$8.85\*. Others from \$7.85\*



RONSON GEM  
Polished and satin chromium plate, engine turned, \$8.85\*



RONSON ADONIS  
Slim as a fine watch! Floral design on enamel, \$13.90



RONSON LEONA  
Table lighter in silver plate and coral enamel, \$13.



RONSON CROWN  
Table lighter in heavy silver plate, \$15.

Lighters shown reduced size. Prices subject to change.

\*Complete with Ronson Plastikit, including Ronson Redskin "Flints" cleaning brush, wick, insert.

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best of all... your gift of  
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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

And she'll love your thoughtfulness, in choosing this beautiful gift! It may be a charming Ronson for her purse. It may be a Ronson table lighter for her home... for whether or not she smokes, she knows how a table lighter adds to her guests' pleasure.

All Ronsons deserve to be treasured. Their beauty of design... their outstanding quality... their precision construction... their famous one-finger, one-motion safety action... promise years and years of proud ownership.

You'll find many lovely Ronsons at your dealer's—from \$6 to \$35.

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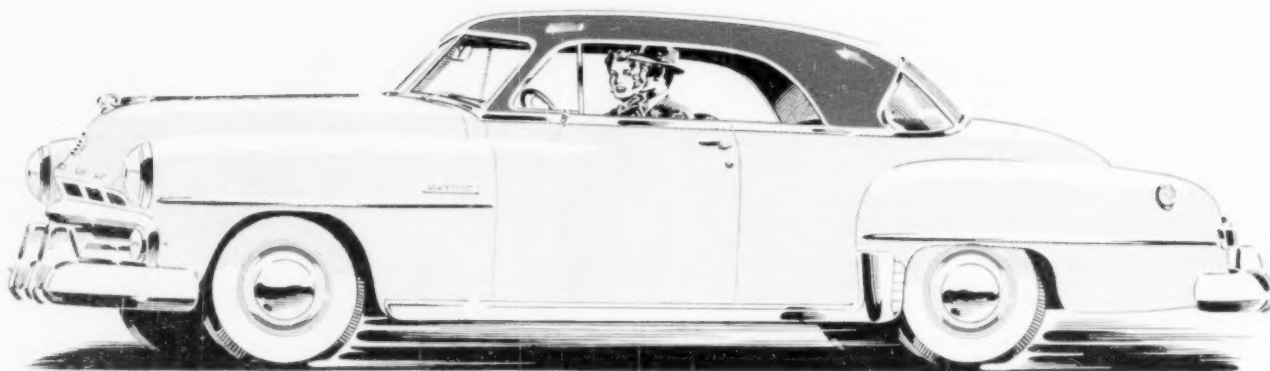
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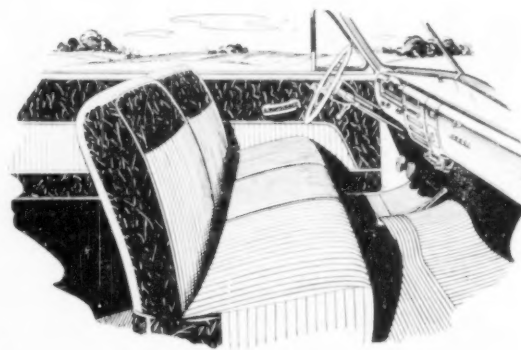
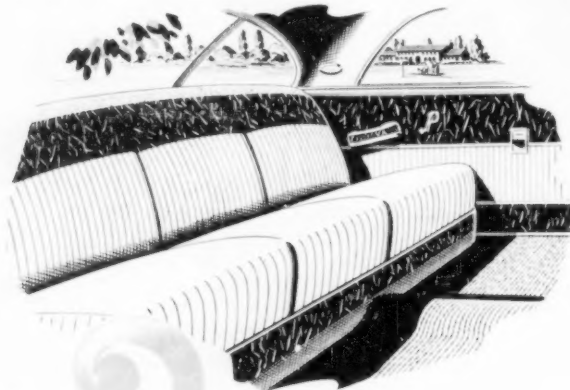


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Here's the newest Dodge style-leader—the new Dodge Mayfair. It's designed for those who want the smart, distinctive styling of a convertible . . . plus the convenience, durability and safety of a permanent steel top.

With windows down you get the thrilling, free wind-sweep of an open car . . . with windows closed the draft-free comfort of a club coupe. The colourful, two-tone exterior is matched by the tastefully upholstered, roomy, comfortable interior.



Chair-high seats and exceptionally generous windshield and window area provide unsurpassed visibility, driver comfort and safety.

Seats are tastefully upholstered in hard-wearing cloth with matching leatherette trim to form an eye-catching, two-tone interior.



*Continued from page 55*

a bird-loving alderman, William Kirsch, to put bells on all Moose Jaw cats. When cat-lovers turned Alderman Kirsch out of office in the next election the council abruptly dropped the issue.

Another time it took two council meetings to resolve an issue between a Main Street bank and a popcorn vendor. The bank had applied to the city to move the vendor's cart from the curb in front of its door. The bank finally won, but not before hours of stormy debate on the rights of an individual in free society.

A more serious civic issue was the sale of the floundering, city-owned power plant to a private company in 1930. The sale went through for \$3 millions and gave the city, among other things, a permanent fund of \$150,000 to help promote industry. Through this fund Moose Jaw was able to capitalize on a fluke that had been lying around unexploited for years.

In 1912 a company drilling for natural gas hit a lake of hot sulphur water at three thousand feet. The well was promptly abandoned. In 1932, through the power-plant industrialization fund, the city built a \$100,000 swimming pool and fed it with the sulphur water. The pool has paid off, attracting thousands of swimmers to Moose Jaw each year.

Moose Jaw, with little more than a third of Regina's population, has an annual industrial product of \$38 millions, only two millions less than the province's capital. Flour milling, oil refining and meat packing make up the bulk of industry, but by far the largest single employer (with about twenty per cent of Moose Jaw's wage earners on its payroll) is the CPR. As Saskatchewan headquarters of the CPR and terminus of the Soo Line to Minneapolis and Chicago, Moose Jaw is thoroughly a railroad town.

The railway has a profound influence on almost every phase of the city's activities. Even the city's time was railway time until 1947, when the Chamber of Commerce finally persuaded the citizens to relinquish standard for daylight saving during the summer months.

### The Record of River Street

Moose Jaw historians agree that the city's position as terminus of the Soo Line from Chicago was responsible for its unenviable vice record after World War I. In the Chicago gangster era many hoodlums found the end of the Soo Line a very good place to hide out. At one time five men wanted for murder in the States were said to be in hiding on downtown River Street. Three men who robbed a Calgary bank of \$27,000 headed for River Street as soon as they pocketed the cash. Chased by police they had to leave their Moose Jaw rooming house in a hurry and they dumped the money in a garbage can where it was found by police.

Bootlegging, rum-running, gambling, prostitution, dope peddling, blackmail and extortion all flourished for ten years along River Street, with little obstruction from the police. Citizens often were found drugged or beaten up (one was found dead in his car). Then, one morning in 1924, when the crime wave was at its peak, the day shift of the police force locked up the night shift for plundering stores and warehouses. That started a shake-up in the Moose Jaw constabulary and by 1927 an entire new force was in uniform. The boys on River Street were gradually rounded up.

In 1938 the Ku Klux Klan, under the astute handling of two U. S. organizers, Pat Eammons and a mys-

terious Dr. Hawkins, got a toe-hold in Moose Jaw affairs. "Clean up River Street" was the cry that brought hundreds under the cloak of the Klan. Eammons, a fire-eating, Bible-spouting rabble-rouser, built up his Klansmen with epic prose. "I know the River Street gang is out to get me," he shouted. "But if they do I want you to use my hide as the skin of a drum and beat it loud and long as you march along carrying the crusade down that sinful street of depravity."

Night parades to the city limits, where they burned huge fiery crosses, were only a part of the Klan's activities as it worked its way into every corner of the city's social and political life. "The people of Moose Jaw are going to get a real surprise on election day," Eammons claimed as he campaigned in 1930 for a Klan council to stamp out sin. They did. On election day Eammons fled south with the Klan's funds. No one was ever certain how many council members were elected with Klan help. But with Eammons and the funds gone the organization collapsed. Even if the council did have a majority of Klanners, as many Moose Jaw-ites still contend, they never again made themselves felt as a group.

### Tell the Folks at Home!

Moose Jaw is a more orderly city than it was a quarter century ago, but it's none the less lively. With a long record of community enterprise it continues to get things done on a community basis. Just before the depression years the city established a radio station and built a hotel. Today Grant Hall, Moose Jaw's largest hotel, continues under community ownership. The radio station, training ground for CBC senior announcer Elwood Glover and CBC newscaster Earl Cameron, has been taken over by a private company, but at the front door there is still the hand-printed invitation, "Come up—sit around and watch."

When visitors wander in the announcer is likely to get them up to the microphone. Sometimes it has amusing consequences. A few weeks ago a man rushed into the studio during CHAB's afternoon Mailbag Program. Announcer Bob Giles was in the middle of an announcement. He looked up quickly and said, "Shh! I'm on the air." The man rushed over to the mike and said, "Yes, but my wife's just had a baby and I want to tell the folks at home!"

After twenty-five years without an appreciable change in population Moose Jaw is starting to grow again. In the last five years it has gained three thousand. Today most of the city's business is run by young men. At thirty-one, Louis Lewry is one of Canada's youngest mayors. Moose Jaw's federal MP is thirty-two-year-old Ross Thatcher, a hardware merchant who won the seat for the CCF. From the president of Moose Jaw's Chamber of Commerce, forty-four-year-old hardwareman Les Turner, to the thirty-seven-year-old vice-president and general manager of the multi-million dollar National Light and Power Company, Ken Graham, the town is in the hands of aggressive young businessmen.

Radio station CHAB's thirty-six-year-old manager Syd Boyling is another of the town's young leaders. Boyling says he prefers Moose Jaw to any other place in Canada and he'll tell you why. "In other cities," he says, "people save all their lives so that when they retire they'll have enough money to live the way they've always wanted. In Moose Jaw we can't wait that long. We spend our lives living the way we want to." ★



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Cordially,  
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## The Last Wild West

Continued from page 17

a trail outfit has just now happened to this one. Boy, we've learned a real big lesson and we learned it at the start of the push. You fellows can figure out what could have happened if we hadn't had this wakin' up now and stayed careless, and the cayuses had pulled out on us maybe a hundred miles or so back in no-man's land. We could easily have been left afoot and never seen half of them again. What's more, that run has taken the sharp edge off every last one of those ground eaters. They'll be easy to handle from now on." "You win, Panhandle," I grunted. "Pick up the marbles. Now you boys better rest today."

Reaching the rope corral, Pan called over his shoulder. "Nothin' doin'—we're gonna make Andy Holte's today and I'm gonna break a new horse to ride. Croppie's had too much trail." The exhausted Top Hand dabbed his loop on Big George, a five-year-old unbroke black horse with a blazed face. "Get me a gunny sack for a blindfold," he said. He began talking softly to the bewildered horse as he ran his hand soothingly up and over his neck and behind his ears.

"You're just a big tired gentle fellow, ain't you, George? Just a sleepy tired horse. Sleepy and tired." George's ears went from alert to relaxed. "You're not even scared any more, are you George?" Pan kept stroking and talking to him and the animal's eyes began to flicker and his eyelids dropped. Then, easily and without a single quick movement, Pan edged his saddle and pad onto Big George's back.

Tommy exclaimed to me, "The man's hypnotized the cayuse."

Pan's eyes still stared straight into the half-shut eyes of the horse. He stroked him under the belly and caught the dangling cinch. "Get everything ready for the start," said Pan quietly. "Get me my brone bridle. I don't want to hurt this horse's mouth."

Five minutes later I swung up on Stuyve and, turning, saw Pan sitting on Big George's back. He tucked the blindfold under his belt and called, "Let her go!"

Tommy and I started the train ahead up the trail. When they had strung out single file Tommy dodged his horse into the bush and trotted into the lead position. Big George walked stoically along beside Stuyve in the drag.

We were headed for the swamp meadows of Tommy Holte's father Andy, who lived in the shadow of the Algas and held the unique distinction of running a cattle ranch farther back from railroad and town than any white outfit on the continent. Andy is a real frontiersman. He has an uncanny ability to sense a situation where a strong man and a fast horse are needed. But he has one failing—he hasn't the slightest conception of time. Very seldom does he know what day or what month it is. To him winter and deep snow mean wild-horse-chasing time; summer is the season for exploring new country and any time is horse-trading time.

I had met Andy a few months before when he came riding around the bend in the trail near Jim Holte's, a trim, angular man in his early forties. Now, as I rode along, I thought of that first meeting.

An English tweed golf cap sat in the exact centre of his head. He wore moose-hide chaps, a vest topped by a faded blue, satin-lapeled smoking jacket. On one foot he wore an obviously expensive, high-heeled riding boot and a silver-mounted spur, on the



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other foot a worn congress boot with a homemade, built-up heel and no spur. Andy said he was just on an errand but later Mrs. Holte told me the story of that trip.

It was the end of February when Andy freighted a new cookstove in to his ranch. He couldn't find his monkey wrench to set it up. There was just one thing to do—ride 35 miles to his nearest neighbors, the Christensons. As fate would have it, Jim Holte had been down the day before and borrowed the Christenson tool kit to work on a broken runner of his hay sleigh. Andy spent the night at Christenson's and early the next morning struck out for Jim Holte's ranch—15 miles away. It was on this stretch of road that I had met him.

That night at Jim's, cowpuncher Gordon Wilson rode in to say he had spotted a band of at least 20 wild horses, rimrocked by heavy snow in a high valley beyond Tatla Lake. Andy's failing was chasing wild horses. He knew that now was the time to corral the wild band. So at daybreak he and Gordon rode east into a raging blizzard. For two days the half frozen men plunged their horses over the 60 miles of snow-choked trail to Bob Graham's Tatla Lake ranch. They had hard luck for the horses had broken out of the valley and moved north. They followed tracks for days until finally both men realized the futility of pushing farther.

Back at Tatla Lake, Andy found Bob Graham excited over samples of quartz picked up some 30 miles to the south-east. He showed them to Andy. Andy knew a little about rock; what he saw set his blood racing and next morning he and Bob Graham rode southeast and Andy's home grew still more distant.

At the end of March the two tired prospectors rode happily back, having staked the vein and the surrounding country. Andy struck for home at a fast trot. He hadn't ridden far when an Indian on a black pony hailed him and explained in broken English that an elderly woman whose husband had not returned from a freighting trip was sick and out of wood and water. And so Andy on his homeward journey detoured 30 miles out of his way and for a week labored at the old woman's homestead, hauling hay, water and timber.

On April 10 Andy rode timidly into his own ranch.

Mrs. Holte, after telling me the story, dryly commented: "It wouldn't have mattered so much being 40 days late, but Andrew forgot the monkey wrench!"

"Now Andy must have heard us yelling at the pack horses, for suddenly he came racing bareback out of a clump of jack pine on one of his daughter's cayuses.

We lay over a day at the Holtes' and when we left Andy insisted that he go along a short distance with us to see us safely down the trail. Catching up the brindle pony and riding bareback with only a halter, he joined Tommy in the lead.

Somewhere under the dark jungles of the unknown Algak Mountains, miles beyond the Holte meadows and on the southern edge of a fantastic world of muskeg and black stinking ooze, we passed into the big white blank space shown on the map as "Unexplored Territory." The character of the land had changed so gradually that it wasn't until now it suddenly dawned on me that this unexplored country resembled nothing I had ever seen or heard of.

A barren, greyish-brown muskeg spread octopus-like before us; its huge body and tentacles vanished in dull dead space north and west of us.

Andy knew muskeg country and had a strange skill in picking safe crossings around and through floating moss-covered arms of bottomless muck where bad judgment could have sent horses and men to possible death.

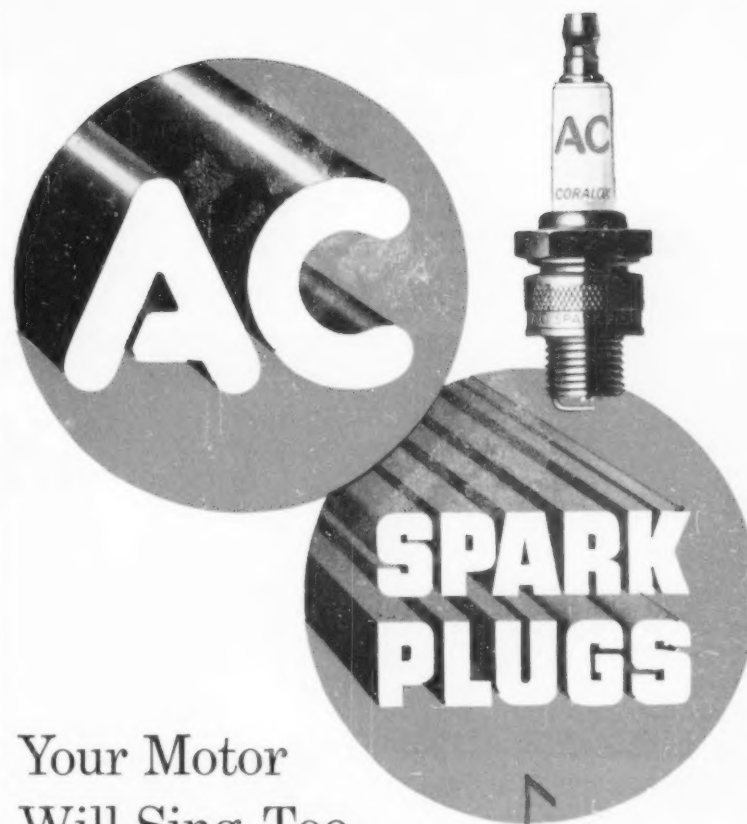
Pan called to me over his shoulder. "This is the biggest break this trail outfit will ever get. If you or me or Tommy'd been the lead, some of us would have swallowed mud by now."

"What about Mrs. Holte?" I called back. "She didn't even know Andy left the barn."

Pan grinned. "We won't say a word to him about it. Let's see how long he stays with us."

Miles up the muskeg Andy stopped the horses. Here, where a narrow slough extended back into the mountains from the muskeg edge, green, wide-bladed slough grass grew lush and rank. We made camp. Andy squatted on his heels in front of the fire and told yarns. Never once did he bring up the fact that he'd forgotten to tell his wife about going along with us.

I struck out for a quick walk up the pothole. It was just about dark



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when I rounded a bend and was surprised to see the pothole widen to almost a valley that seemed to wind back into the heart of the Algaks. However it was too dark to make sure of this. I hurried back to camp and told my discovery to the relaxing bog trotters.

Andy took off his golf cap. "I'll tell you what I'll do with ya, Pan. I'll bet my ground-gainin' brindle saddler against your petrified black hesitator that we find a trail startin' into the mountains from the end of this slough. I remember a Kluskus Indian called

Alexis telling me about a swamp meadow running into the mountains from the edge of a big muskeg. He told me that years ago Ulgatcho Indians cut a trail into the mountains from the upper end of the meadow. They used to hunt the caribou herds between the Algaks and the Itchas and pack out meat in the fall. Chances are this is the route."

Next day, as soon as it was light enough to see, Andy jumped on his horse and rode up the pothole to look for the trail. It was a lucky day. Andy found an ancient trail that wound its

way gradually up through the heavy jungle. Before sundown our horses broke out onto a parky grassland. From here on Andy picked the trail through the scattered bullpines, climbing higher and higher toward the red buttes above us. Almost before we were aware of approaching night, darkness fell.

On a high grass-covered bench Andy stopped. I was sure that had it still been daylight we could have looked north into the unknown land we had traveled so far to reach. In the morning we would look down into the

no-know country and perhaps look upon our future home. We made camp.

High up on the bench, at the base of the red cone-shaped buttes, dawn broke early. A thin white lacing of frost covered the ground. Sitting in front of the fire, we looked into the north and watched distant shapes and shadows gradually take form. We gazed in awe down at the panorama of a silent lonely jack pine land, so vast, so immense in scope that its monotonous green boundary faded in hazy space at the base of a high snow-capped mountain range that looked to be at least 75 miles north and east of us.

I have seen great sweeps of arid desert wastes and burning bad lands and enormous stretches of prairie, but none of these sights affected me like this view of the dull green jack pine world that stretches more than 1,000 miles north from the 52nd parallel into the Arctic.

A strange hollow loneliness seemed to reach up out of the vastness of the jack pine and caught me for the first time in its grip. An eerie empty lifeless land of monotonous sameness; uninspiring, unspectacular, colorless, exuding a sinister feeling of complete isolation from the living. A land that breathes no spirit of a past life and gives little hope for a future one.

We caught up the horses, packed and herded the train east through the snow brush at the edge of timberline. As the day wore on Andy led us higher and higher toward the Algak summits and a great open gap in the country ahead, where a deep canyon split the range. The northern tip of the grey muskeg gradually became visible as we climbed higher. One arm swung around in front of our mountain range.

At this height we could see a scattering of small yellowish dots and lines, tiny green-rimmed pothole lakes, occasional brown splotches and a few reddish-colored areas. These were the only marks that broke the monotony of the 10,000-odd square miles of jack pine immediately visible.

As the day progressed a thin mist rose up out of the bottoms and obscured any further view of what lay beneath the Algaks. For the rest of the day as we traveled east the ominous spell of the jack pines under the mist held us in its silence and gloom.

We made camp above timberline on the edge of a glacial lake surrounded by snow brush, alpine grass and rocks. It grew dark. The fire blazed up. Echoes of the horse bells clanged hollowly. Miles away from down in the land of pines floated a low moaning animal call, long drawn out and melancholy. I shuddered.

Pan got to his feet and stepped out beyond the light of the fire. He reappeared clutching a bottle of whisky. He flourished it above his head.

"Men," Pan said, "it's country north—new country. A range beyond the stamping grounds of saner men. An empire where we can run stock without interference—and live our own lives."

He stopped for a moment. I wondered what was coming next. Pan tilted the bottle to his lips. It gurgled for an instant. He continued, "We've found our country—a green country as big as a quarter of the United States, a place that will be all our own; nobody else will want it. Nobody can get in it and we're lucky if we can get out of it."

"Our neighbors will be the wolves, our music the call of the loon. Our beds will be the earth. Our books and movie shows will be the look on the other guy's face. Our roads will be the muskegs, our cars the cayuses. Our

Continued on page 62

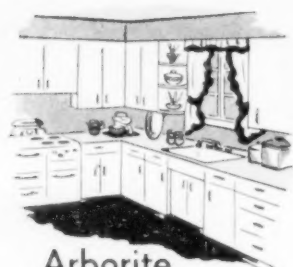


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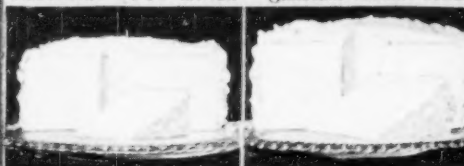
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Continued from page 60  
friends will be the whisky-jacks and the squirrels. And, friends, our cattle feed will be the jack pines and the snowballs."

The Top Hand looked sadly at the three of us sitting by the fire, took another long gurgling, shuddered and resumed his eulogy. "Gentlemen of the jack pines, this is sure one proud day of our lives. It's a moment for prayer and thanksgiving. After a year of careful exploration, my top-heavy friend Mr. R. Peterson Hobson and myself have found it. We are now noted explorers—noted for our discovery of a great jack pine cattle range."

That evening might have been a sad and gloomy one for us all. Pan's disappointment that our thoughts, dreams and efforts of the past year had been dashed to pieces in our first view of the unexplored country was probably greater than mine. But he had a certain way about him, and so had Andy. Neither of them would show his keen disappointment by any outward sign.

We demolished the bottle before the fire and Andy, leaning back against a rock, told us what he knew about the Ulgatcho Indians, the only inhabitants of the country, wild and uncivilized. He told us there were supposed to be between 300 and 400 Ulgatchos wandering through the bush, nine tenths of whom had never seen a town. Then he tried to cheer us a little.

"Boys, before daylight tomorrow morning we're gonna have coffee and then climb up that pinnacle to the highest point in the Algaks, and when daylight breaks we'll see country no white man has looked at before; we'll see the Itcha Mountains and what lays at its bottom. I don't know, but I have a hunch there's a surprise in store."

Long before daylight he had us out of our beds. When it was just light enough to see we began climbing on to the cracked walls of the shadowy peak point of the Algak range. Ulgatcho Indian land unfolded. A few miles east of us the snow-capped Itchas dropped abruptly some 4,000 feet to a yellowish opening that stood out in bold contrast against the jack pine green. More yellow arms, necks and islands were scattered along the base of the mountains.

Andy borrowed my binoculars. "Yellow patches down there are grass," he commented. "Highland meadow grass." He swept the glasses in an arc to the east. Suddenly he stopped and remained motionless, staring fixedly at a vague yellowish blur on the distant horizon. He sucked in his breath and took off his golf cap and laid it down on the rocks without taking his eyes away from the glasses. Then he cleared his throat.

"I'll tell ya what I'll do with ya," he drawled. "I'll trade you boys ranches straight across—and I'll throw in the brindle pony and, what's more, I'll throw in the halter he's wearin' and the set of number two horseshoes he's got on." Andy paused. "It's a clear-cut swap," he said. "I'll ride down onto your spread and you boys ride back to mine. How about it? Ranches straight across."

Pan started across for Andy. "Give me them opera glasses, ya miserable hog!" He swung the glasses and stopped abruptly. I saw him swallow. Andy hissed in his ear, "Ranches! Ranches! Shake hands!"



Pan answered slowly. "Andy, if ya throw in Andy Christenson's, Cyrus Bryant's and Jim Holte's ranches to boot, I might be interested—but then that layout would be too cut up. I guess we'll have to ride down onto ours, and you backtrack to yours." He shoved the glasses into my hands.

"Country north," he said simply. "The gold mine—we've found her!"

I guess I was about as excited as an excitable person can get. At first I couldn't even hold the glasses steady. Finally I got them adjusted. What I saw through the field glasses was a wide open sweep of grassland. This opening was many miles north of the Algaks and the Itchas, but it was a whale of a big opening. Its north-eastern boundary could not be seen, even through the glasses. It just kept going into the distance.

### The Granddaddy of Ranches

The main body of the opening was yellow. Andy knew that this yellow color was made by last year's dead grass. He knew that where the dead grass was heavy enough to overshadow the new growth it was a lush grass country. It was hard for me to realize what we, the first white men, gazed upon. A cattle ranch proposition that could be the granddaddy of cattle ranches. An empire of grass just sitting there waiting for some outfit to take over; an almost tax-free chunk of grassy acres that could eventually be surveyed and bought for \$1.50 to \$2.50 per acre from the B. C. Government. What a proposition this was! What an opportunity lay ahead of us now!

Back at camp Andy caught his horse and then turned to Pan. "Jumping bullfrogs!" he said. "I forgot to tell the missus I wouldn't be back for dinner." A sheepish grin spread slowly over his face.

"I just can't figure it out," explained Andy. "It seems like we just left the barn, and then again it's like a lifetime."

Tommy sadly shook his head at his father. "Andy," he said, "we've been gone three long days and three short nights. Alice is goin' to be worried about her brindle pony you swiped on her."

(In the next installment Rich, Pan and Tommy battle muskies to reach the blur on the horizon and have a memorable encounter with two angry and belligerent Ulgatcho Indians.) ★

PIERRE BERTON RIDES

### THE RCAF MILK RUN TO KOREA

IN THE NEXT ISSUE



## My Friend Guay

Continued from page 9

with his wife, a great prayer book under his left arm, he would make his pious way to high mass. He neither drank nor swore and was on good terms with the parish priest. Moreover, he often spoke sadly to us of the thefts of which he had been a victim. "I was born under an unlucky star," he would say. "Fortunately I was insured."

### He Couldn't Stand Failure

In 1945 the arsenal closed. Albert Guay opened his jewelry store just opposite the parish church. His business went well enough in 1946 and 1947. It should be noted that on two occasions his store was damaged by fire. Again the insurance companies paid up. Then quarrels broke out between Guay and his wife. Rita had learned of her husband's little adventures and to make him jealous had engaged in a few mild flirtations. Neighbors have told me that in their quarrels the Guays would throw bottles and yell insults at one another. The day after an argument of this kind Albert frequently bought his wife a present.

About this time I used to see Albert in Pat Allen's grocery store. He seemed more pensive than ever. All his features seemed pinched in, as though concentrating on a single fixed idea.

Life was not bestowing its rich gifts on the spoiled child. He had not become rich; on the contrary, he was running into debt. Yet for eight years he had been telling everybody that one of these days he was going to be a rich man. What would people think of him? Certainly he had done everything in his power to achieve his end. He had become a third-degree Knight of Columbus and was taking steps to obtain the coveted fourth degree. Several priests were recommending him for that honor. He had a current account with the bank, a lawyer to collect his bad debts, and he even sponsored a short radio program to advertise his jewelry business. He had several agents who journeyed through the villages of Quebec selling his watches on the installment plan. It was Guay who had planned all of this not inconsiderable business. But since he was without practical qualities he could not prevent his agents from pocketing the money paid by their customers; and he was too timid to demand his money from them.

When he believed that he was to be invested with the honors of a fourth-degree Knight of Columbus he had a magnificent suit of clothes made. When the time of the initiation was approaching he was informed that he had been rejected on account of his debts. It was one of the greatest disappointments of his life. That evening, soon after Albert returned home, Rita went

to the grocery. She told Pat Allen, "Poor Albert! He's crying like a child. They've turned him down. He wanted to become rich too quickly."

It was at this time that he met Marie-Ange Robitaille.

I have said that there dwelt two men in Albert Guay: the ambitious man and the sensualist. Now his ambitions were bankrupt. He threw himself passionately into a love affair to forget. As his sentimental life too was to founder, these two failures, coming in contact with one another, closed the fatal circuit.

He met Marie-Ange in the restaurant Chez Gerard, where she was a waitress. She was still almost a child, only seventeen years of age, and looked like a timid girl fresh from a convent. Under an assumed name he began to call on her three nights a week like a young suitor with serious intentions. Marie-Ange's parents saw a good match for their daughter in this distinguished young man who occupied the big armchair in their living room and paid conventional suit to their daughter.

When he visited Marie-Ange at her home he took the name of Roger Angers. He hated the name Albert and once told me I had a nice Christian name.

### Abandoned by His Mistress

Guay possessed to a high degree the gift of creating for himself a world of illusion and of believing firmly in the world of his own creation. Calling on Marie-Ange gave him the illusion that he was once more a boy with a successful future. He was no longer the thirty-year-old man who had failed to become rich; he was the ambitious youngster. The little game lasted several months. He even bought an engagement ring for Marie-Ange. Then one night Rita Morel burst into the Robitaille living room and the game was up.

Rita Morel had signed her own death warrant.

The spoiled child wanted the moon and he would spare no effort to get it. Marguerite Pitre, the sister of G n reux Ruest, who repaired watches, began to feature in the affairs of the couple. It was she who gave shelter to Marie-Ange when she left her home at Guay's urging. Some part of this story is well known. Albert Guay had an extraordinary mastery over the minds of people of little importance. He dominated Marie-Ange and G n reux Ruest, the first by the intensity of his passion, the other by the scope and brilliance of his plans for the future.

Guay took Marie-Ange to Sept- les, where they lived together for some time as husband and wife. She left him, then returned to him. Finally Marie-Ange realized there was no future in this affair and that she was wasting her time. She left Albert, telling him that since he was married there was little object in continuing the liaison. In despair the spoiled child took stock of his situation. His home life was destroyed, his ambitions ruined; and

## WHY MARRIED WOMEN WORK

By SIDNEY KATZ

Never before have so many Canadian women filled jobs in business and industry, and at the same time tried to fulfill their traditional roles as wives and mothers. What is the story behind this startling change in the social and economic pattern of our country?

IN MACLEAN'S MAY 15

ON SALE MAY 11

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## But Do You Really UNDERSTAND the Bible?

Many people maintain that the Bible is so simple and clear that anyone can understand it.

Yet today the Christian world is divided into conflicting opinions as to what the Bible means. Sincere and equally learned Bible scholars take different meanings from the same words, and there are many Christian sects which disagree on basic Bible questions.

The average Christian who wants to understand the Bible, finds all this confusing...wondering which interpretation to accept, whom to believe. The result is that the Bible often gathers dust on the family bookshelf, when it should be bringing joy to the hearts of men.

Catholics, of course, join with Christians everywhere in recognizing the complete Bible as the inspired Word of God. It could not be otherwise, for it was the Catholic Church which assembled the books of the Bible nearly 1600 years ago, and which preserved its precious message on parchment for a thousand years before the invention of the printing press.

It is unfortunate, however, that some of the most devoted Bible readers do not understand it. As a matter of fact, Holy Scripture is seldom correctly understood unless we have certain preliminary knowledge concerning God's revealed truth.

In writing the New Testament, its authors took into account that a knowledge of God's revelation already prevailed. The books they wrote were intended to instruct and confirm teachings already known—not to announce something entirely unknown. When you have this preliminary knowledge, the Bible is neither contradictory nor confusing.

The books of the Bible were given by God through writers who addressed



themselves to people who already possessed faith in God and to whom the divinely revealed message was, to some extent, already known. These books seek to explain and confirm this message and to induce readers to conform their lives to it. They were certainly not intended to teach all of God's revealed truth to those who were learning it for the first time.



# Free

The Bible, properly understood, can exert a tremendous power for good in your personal and family life. But to understand it, you should know something about those who wrote the Bible...the way they thought, spoke and the characteristics of the language they used. By whom was the Bible translated...how can we know these translations are correct? What are the common sense rules to be followed in understanding the Bible? These and other important questions concerning the intelligent use of the Bible are answered in a pamphlet which we will send you free on request. Write TODAY for your free copy. Ask for Pamphlet No. MM-22.

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now his mistress was abandoning him. That couldn't happen to him, not to Albert Guay who expected everything from life and to whom life owed everything.

Without being conscious of it, Guay had probably been giving thought to the problem of getting rid of his wife ever since she had made her sensational entrance into the Robitaille living room. For was she not the great obstacle between him and Marie-Ange, between him and the moon? But how was it to be done, he must have asked himself. He was afraid of blood. He might shoot her, of course, but he lacked the courage for that. Besides, he could not look at a dead person. It would be best, he apparently decided, if his wife were to disappear in some sort of an accident. That was it—an accident!

By the time the plan had fully formed in his mind it is quite plausible to believe that Guay had ceased to think of himself as a murderer at all.

It is possible that the idea of a bomb dwelt in his subconscious as a result of his experience in the arsenal. It probably swam into his conscious thoughts during an air journey from Sept-Îles to Quebec. The mechanics of the murder took shape in his mind and began to haunt him. The idea of a plane crash attracted him for several reasons. First, there was the pleasure of designing and constructing the bomb, with the aid of G n reux Ruest. This appealed to his taste for ingenious mechanical devices which he had loved ever since his boyhood. Further, since the bomb was to have a time device, the plane would fall apart over water. There would be only bits of unrecognizable bodies if, indeed, anything was recovered; so there would be no corpse to identify. He would erase the presence of Rita as he might rub out a drawing from a book. Finally, everyone would be so convinced the explosion was an accident that he himself would come to believe it.

#### Honeymoon Before Death

Perhaps, too, the great explosion would succeed in shattering the ill fortune that had dogged his steps and he could begin life all over again with Marie-Ange, a life full of hope and love. This time he would not fail. He would become rich, for with the insurance money he would receive on his wife's death he would pay off his debts. Guay had \$5,000 on his wife's life, to which he added another \$10,000 at the airport before she took off on the fatal flight. Above everything else he hated owing money.

And what of the other passengers in the plane? His mind refused to dwell on that problem. How could he, Albert Guay, prevent accidents from happening? Consider now this aspect of his character. He was capable of conceiving this grandiose scheme of murder down to the last detail; and yet with a curious lack of caution he shared his secret with Ruest, who made the bomb for him.

By the time of the crash Guay had succeeded completely, it seems, in convincing himself that it was all an accident. On receipt of the news he burst into tears of unfeigned grief. Astonishing as it may seem, there were signs that Guay loved his wife dearly.

Two months before the tragedy he and Rita, with a couple of friends, had made a tour of the Gasp . These friends have since told me that Rita and Albert, riding in the back seat, acted like a young honeymoon couple. There was a succession of kisses and caresses, and he kept using sentences like, "There, little darling, there isn't

anyone like you, not anyone in the whole world." Two weeks before the crash he bought his wife flowers, as he had so often done since their marriage. Before they hanged him for his crime he requested that he should be buried beside her.

For the funeral of his dead wife he ordered a magnificently bedecked mortuary chamber. He had a floral cross made, five feet high, bearing the inscription, "From Your Beloved Albert." He thought of everything. He had mourning cards printed by his friend Victor Tardif, urging him to take special pains to see that Rita's photograph came out well on the cards. In spite of his grief, his drawn features and his weariness, he remained at the funeral parlor from morning till night.

All those who had suspected him regretted their shocking first thought. It was inconceivable that one of our group could have killed twenty-three people. I believe that I was the only person to persist in my doubts. I wanted to keep close to him and, as a reporter, to interview him. But frankly, after having seen that mortuary chamber, I had not the courage to do so, and I began to think that I was a little crazy to be imagining such things.

#### "Put Your Trust in God"

Dressed in black, thin and pale, he shook hands with those who called to pay their respects. When I offered him my condolences he said, "You know how much I loved her. But the important thing is that she didn't suffer. You don't think she suffered, do you?" Then he stifled a sob which was not feigned. Notice his complete lack of realization of the nature of what he had done. His one feeling of remorse was: Did Rita suffer?

While I was at the funeral parlor a priest entered. Guay asked him to recite the rosary. Everyone knelt. As other priests came in he would ask each to recite the rosary. After one such occasion I heard a man sobbing in the room above us. It was the husband of Madame Romeo Chapados who, with her three children, had died in the crash. He was weeping beside the two coffins. Guay made his excuses, quickly went upstairs and began to console Chapados. He said, "Be brave, M. Chapados. Do as I do: put your trust in God. I have lost my young wife." Several times he went upstairs to console him.

#### The Grocer Feared Revenge

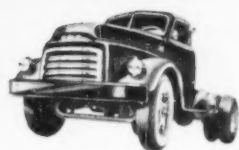
He came back to me and I told him that some of the newspapers were talking of an explosion of dynamite as the cause of the crash. He shrugged his shoulders. "I can't believe it," he said. "In my opinion it was a faulty feed line. There's nobody monstrous enough to blow up a plane." Then, with his hands in his pockets, he looked down at his feet, with his toes slightly turned in, as if hypnotized by the gleam of his highly polished shoes.

He believed in the accident now, as he had believed in thieves when he himself was organizing the robberies of his jewelry store to collect the insurance. At the funeral he was proud of the great crowd which followed the hearse and he said to Victor Tardif, "See how well known I am and how much everyone loved Rita." At the cemetery, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, he said to his little daughter, "Look, dear! Mama is leaving us forever." Then he burst into real sobs. He cried so hard and he was so weak that he had to be helped into the taxi.

Continued on page 66



# WHY DIESEL?



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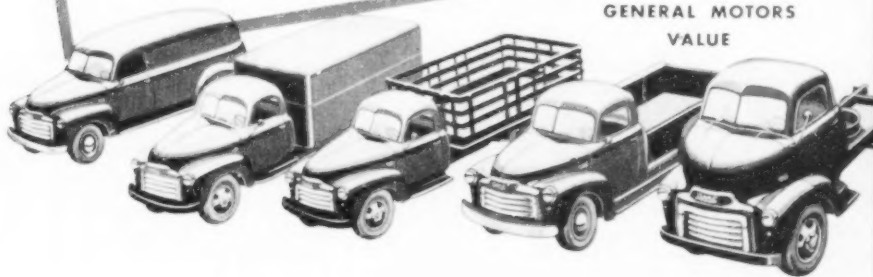
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Continued from page 64

Two days later I met him again. Under his eyes were dark shadows and his face was white. He said to me, "Do you realize that Pat Allen didn't come to the funeral? I shall never forget that." He appeared deeply injured. Pat Allen, who had communicated his suspicions about Guay to several people immediately after the crash, now went in fear of Albert, believing that if he really was a criminal Guay might murder him in revenge. But it wasn't at all that way. Guay was hurt that Pat, who had been his grocer for eight years, had not come to the funeral.

### A Rope for a Lover

After his arrest, indeed up to the time that Marie-Ange Robitaille began her evidence, Guay conducted himself with all the offhandedness of a man who has been arrested by mistake. In prison he hummed little French songs. He played endless games of rummy with his guards, whom he consistently beat to his great satisfaction. Shortly before his trial he said to one of the guards, "I've been held here three months now. Think of all the money this nonsense is making me lose. When I get out of here I'm going to sue the government."

I covered the trial and I saw Guay remain impassive as witness after witness gave evidence. Then Marie-Ange was called, the woman for whom he had killed his wife and twenty-two other people. I shall never forget the brief glance between them. It cannot be described.

The eighteen-year-old girl was well-dressed and her auburn hair hung down to her shoulders. She spoke in a weak but clear voice, her eyes full of tears, of her liaison with Albert Guay. She wove a rope for her lover's neck without once looking at him and, when she concluded with the words "I don't love him any more," Guay's face turned ashen grey, his lips took on a bluish tinge. He looked like a man whose body was beginning to decay while he still lived. Then he closed his eyes. He made no motion, said nothing.

The sentence of death he received almost absent-mindedly, his eyes on his polished shoes. He was asked if he wanted to enter an appeal. "Why? For whom?" he said to his lawyer. "I've no more interest in living."

### End of a Spoiled Child

In the condemned man's cell another interesting aspect of his personality revealed itself. He wanted to sell the story of his life to a magazine to earn a little money for his daughter, to obtain the widest possible publicity and to teach a moral lesson to his readers. To the Crown attorneys he made a confession that filled a hundred pages. It ended with words something like this: "And now I hope that this story will serve as a terrible lesson to those who, like me, have been blinded by passion and ambition."

The newspapers reported that he faced his death with arrogance, saying, "I die famous." That is not true. For a week before his execution he was unable to eat. During all the last day he kept asking the prison doctor, "Will it hurt? Will I still be conscious when my neck breaks? You do die instantaneously, don't you?" He was a pitiful remnant of a human being as he walked to the scaffold. Two guards had to support him.

Joseph Albert Guay died true to himself. He was the spoiled child who had killed twenty-three people in his effort to get the moon. ★



## CINDERELLA-

Here's how it really  
happened

By HARRY BOWLEY

DRAWINGS BY LYLE GLOVER

THE other day I ran across a magazine advertisement which read in part, "How Do You Know You Can't Write?" and it started me thinking. After all, how did I know I couldn't write? Who was I to take the word of my family, my friends, and several dozen assorted magazine editors? Maybe I could write. So I started writing a script for Hollywood called *The Cinderella Story*.

Maybe you think you know the Cinderella story? You learned it at your mother's knee? Well, what you learned was the highly distorted version that has been foisted on generations of gullible children. My screen play is going to bust that whole sorry affair wide open and reveal the true facts.

The heroine (I'm thinking of Jane Wyman for this part) is Emily, one of Cinderella's two stepsisters. The usual version of the story speaks of the stepsisters as being ugly. They weren't. They were rather plain-looking girls, true, but that was simply because they had nobody to show them how to apply their make-up correctly, and because they always wore plain clothes and woolen stockings. They wore woolen stockings to keep their legs warm, because Cinderella was always letting the fire go out.

The general impression is that Cinderella did all the work around the house while the stepsisters loafed. Well, let's face it: Cinderella had only one job to do, looking after the fire, and she couldn't even do that properly. She was always mooning around among the cinders, reading comic books.

She wasn't as pretty as we're led to believe, either. Her face might have been rather attractive in a conventional way, but it had a vacant look.

You needn't feel sorry for her because she wore rags and was covered with dirt, either. She was just too lazy to darn her clothes. And, as for the dirt—well, the plain fact is that Cinderella never took a bath. She wasn't even half safe.

Anyway, the movie will open with the two stepsisters getting ready to go to the Prince's ball. Emily—that's Jane Wyman—has just discovered that she'll have to wear her woolen stockings because Cinderella, who likes to read with her feet in the oven, has snatched her nylons to tie the oven door open and scorched them.

Emily is weeping in a corner while the stepmother and the other step-sister are counting the pennies in the

piggy-bank to see if they can afford to send Cinderella to a good psychoanalyst.

Just then the Prince's coach arrives to take them to the ball. In two minutes they're all ready, except Cinderella, who can't find her shoes. So, reluctantly, Emily and her mother and sister drive off to the ball, leaving Cinderella poking moodily around in the ashes.

Now the scene shifts to the ballroom, and it's a natural for a big production number—300 dancing girls, a revolving stage, and a tenor singing the hit song of the show, called "Your Homespun Stockings Spun A Home In My Heart." Switch to a close-up of Emily (Jane), who sits shyly in a corner watching the goings-on through her bifocals.

Here's where the hero comes in. He's the tenor who just sang the hit song and he and Emily scrape up an acquaintance when he accidentally knocks her Martini into her lap and hits her in the ear with a plate of *hors d'oeuvres*. In about two minutes' running time their friendship has ripened into love.

Well, it seems this tenor is really a graduate psychoanalyst who is down on his luck. The finance company has repossessed his couch and he's singing in big production numbers to get money to buy another. Jane (Emily) tells him about Cinderella—and just then Cinderella turns up in person, wearing a sloppy-looking pair of slippers she's made by cutting up her stepmother's new plastic living room curtains (that's how that glass slipper legend got started).

I haven't worked out the details from there, but as anyone can see, the psychoanalyst will have to take Cinderella in hand, for Emily's sake, and turn her into a radiant, glamorous creature. Then he'll think he's in love with her.

What can Emily (Jane) do? That's her cue to take off her bifocals, get herself a new pair of nylons, and let the make-up department loose on her face.

Wyman (Emily, remember?) could go through this routine with her eyes closed.

She turns into a breath-taking beauty and marries the psychoanalyst, who fortuitously wins a new couch on a radio quiz program and sets forth on a brilliant career.

And Cinderella? She goes back to mooning by the fireplace. She's heard something somewhere about fairy god-mothers, so she's going to sit and wait for hers to show up. Which is about what you'd expect from a drip like Cinderella.

Anyone with a grain of sense could tell her that things like that just don't happen in real life. ★





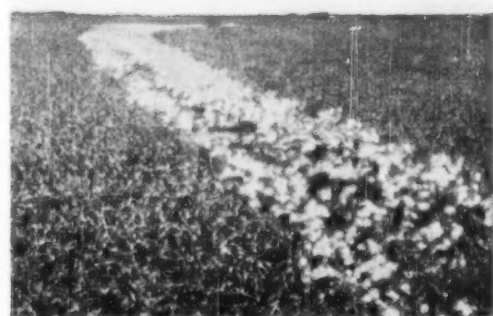


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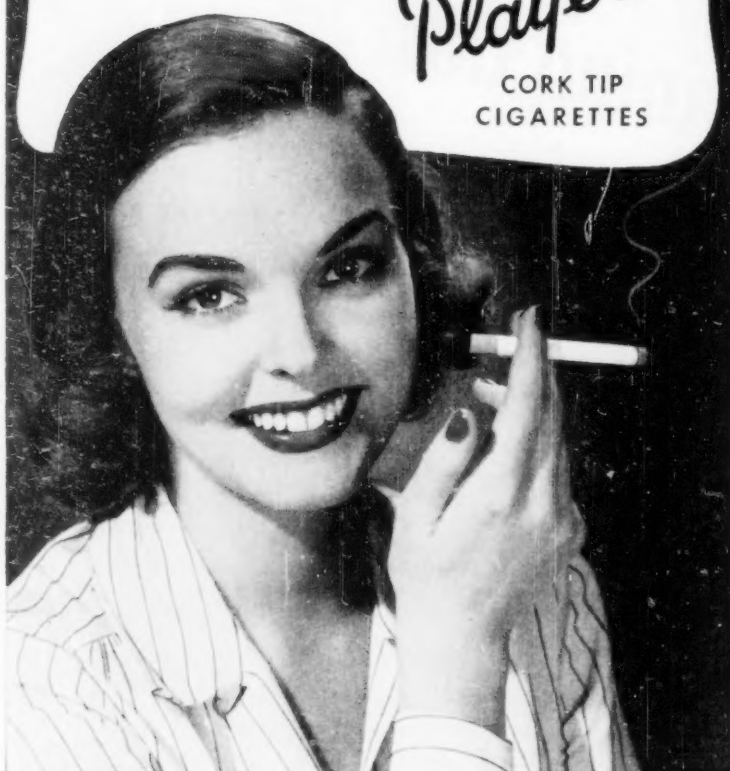
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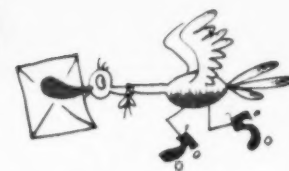
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*I always enjoy  
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CORK TIP  
CIGARETTES



## MAILBAG



### Room and Board for Barney



When I read Good-bye Barney, by McKenzie Porter (March 1), I felt I would like to have that horse. So I got to wondering that if I wrote that I would give him a good home—mightn't it be possible? Maybe McKenzie Porter would mention it to Borden's for me? It seems a shame to see such an intelligent horse killed for meat.—Lawrence Thurston, Dunsford, Ont.

*Led by Farmer Thurston (see cut) several horse-lovers offer Barney a life of luxury but, at this writing, he hasn't made up his mind to quit the city.*

● Orchids to Maclean's for the article on Barney. Will you add just a note of timely warning? When Barney and his kind are at last displaced by machines it is up to the Canadian people to make sure these faithful servants really are humanely destroyed and not permitted to be exported alive for the European meat trade.—Mrs. H. Wyatt Johnston, Montreal.

● I think it is indeed fortunate that this article is so evidently the work of

someone who never knew which end of a horse gets up first, for if the information and opinions in it weren't quite so ridiculous it might do a distinct disservice to Canadian agriculture and to our horsemen in particular.—H. Gordon Green, Editorial staff, Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal.

*As evidence of his equine experience McKenzie Porter mentions a 30-mile bareback mule trip from Figueras, Spain, to La Perthus, France. This epic took place when he was a war correspondent covering the Spanish Civil War.*

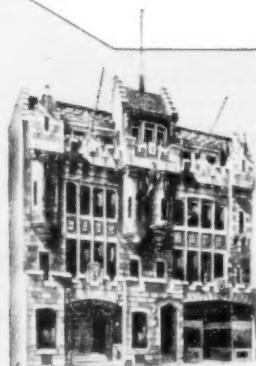
### That Mennonite Trek

The Tragic Trek of the Mennonites (Mar. 1) prompted me to write for the first time. It certainly was tragic, but it was no more than they deserved. The idea that they could find a better place to live than in Canada is ridiculous. It just can't be done. If they dislike Canada so much, then they should be deported.—J. Stanley Bargholz, Brownfield, Alta.

### Allen Read Them All

A little while ago I was taken to the hospital (for observation). I'm 15 years old so I went to the (old) Sick Children's. It was about a week before

MEN WHO THINK OF  
TOMORROW PRACTICE  
MODERATION  
TODAY



THE HOUSE OF  
SEAGRAM



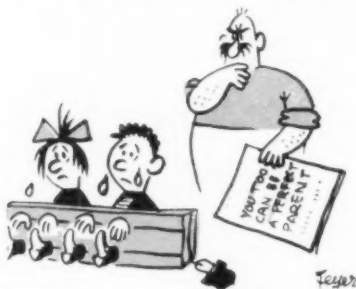
they moved. Of course, my parents brought down the latest copy of Maclean's, which was the Feb. 1 issue. I showed most of the patients and nurses the article on the new hospital (The Hospital Prayer Built). I also read every other article in the magazine and enjoyed them all. So I agree with Mary E. Colman's letter (in the Mar. 15 Mailbag) when she says the Feb. 1 issue was the best one in a long while. —Allen Tough, Toronto.

#### Jewels of Good Sense

I have been reading your wonderful magazine off and on for many years, and I mean a world of praise when I say I am proud it is a Canadian publication. Its editorials and other articles to me are jewels of logic and good sense.—Danny Gillis, Holtak Lake, via Yellow Knife, N.W.T.

#### How to Raise Parents

Congratulations to Robert Thomas Allen on an article that had my wife and I doubled up with pain from



laughing. (You, Too, Can Be a Perfect Parent, Mar. 15.) We are in the midst of rearing three such penitentiary prospects—two boys and a girl—ages 13, 9 and 8. The article has given us the sustenance to carry on and I am sending copies to some of my childless relations, who always know how best to rear my children.—Ray W. Kersey, Victoria.

● It made me think of when I was a kid. Anytime I wanted anything I went and asked me Fadder. He said go and ask your Mudder. I did, and she gave me a belt in the lug and said go ask your Fadder. So I went ahead and did whatever I wanted to. If me Mudder caught me I said me Fadder said it was O.K., and if me Fadder caught me I said me Mudder said it was O.K. Either way I had a fine time listening to the fight.

Now my grandchildren are starting to say—"Grandma said I could" and "Grandpa said I could." I have no idea what the young generation is coming to for sure.—"Grandpa," London, Ont.

#### The Case History of Comrade Buck

Your article on Tim Buck (Mar. 15) is a masterpiece. I used to know the little man fairly well and can confirm the complete accuracy of your impression. Hearty congratulations on a splendid job. —Gladstone Murray, Toronto.

● You quote "an unregenerate capitalist" describing Tim standing alone on the platform of Maple Leaf Gardens as an unconquerable pygmy defying the sun and the moon and all the stars. This is just sheer nonsense. Tim had 17,000 comrades at the moment cheering their heads off for him, half a million others throughout the country ready to back him up; hundreds of millions throughout the world fighting in the same cause and backed by the network of the far-flung Soviet imperialism. Alone—like a pebble on the beach. The writer helped to get Tim Buck out of gaol and would now

suggest that if he has an ounce of sincerity left in him he should immediately sever connections with this monstrous movement which has been diverted from its historic purpose.—Andrew Glen, Locust Hill, Ont.

#### Curtain Call for Willie

Have been catching up on Maclean's sent to me by my daughter in Vancouver and just caught sight of the Little Willie verses of Nov. 15, 1949. Here's one you hadn't got:

Little Willie dressed in sashes  
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.  
Presently the room grew chilly  
For no one liked to poke poor Willie.  
—Mrs. M. H. Banford, London, Eng.

#### Posted Without Option

An error appeared in the article, Conscript, by Blair Fraser (Mar. 15), which must be corrected if a grave injustice is to be avoided in respect to members of the Canadian Army Active Force, referred to in the article as "the regular army."

Mr. Fraser states: "The Special Force is 42% veterans of World War II, and it's stiffened by a large cadre of volunteers from the regular army."

The "regulars" serving in the Special Force, about 1,000, are NOT volunteers. They were posted from the Active Force without option. Every member of the Active Force undertakes on appointment as an officer, or enlistment as an other rank, to "serve anywhere." Furthermore, present Army policy forbids "regulars" to volunteer for the Special Force.

To suggest there are those in the Active Force who have "volunteered" to serve in the Special Force is to also suggest that there are many more who have not "volunteered." This gives the impression that thousands in the Active Force are "slackers"—an untrue statement.—"Regular," Toronto.

Most of the thousand men selected from the permanent force for the Korea Brigade were volunteers in the sense that they had expressed a desire to go. Others, because of special qualifications, were simply detailed for service with the force. And many more who had expressed a desire to go to Korea were not sent because they were needed here.

#### A Token of Lost Value

Enclosed please find my valuation of Crisis 1951 as expressed in Maclean's



of Feb. 15 (see cut). It is a token of lost value. So is A Maclean's World Report, I guess. Why?

Because the status quo in the world (the existing mess) cannot be cleared or even understood unless it is done by adequate means and ways of thinking. The atomic age is upon us and if we do not develop a new way of thinking the Brothers de Goncourt might be right after all.—G. Baranovsky, St. Sauveur des Monts, Que.

Reader Baranovsky pays us off with a twenty-five rouble note issued by the Crimean Regional Government in 1918. A former Russian nobleman, still hiding behind a beard and the pseudonym "Gasolinevitch," told us behind his hand that it's worth slightly less than a wooden nickel. ★

A daring young man named McGuire  
Drove a car on a very high wire,  
Till his poor little wife  
Was afraid for his life,  
And insisted he ought to retire.

**THERE'S A  
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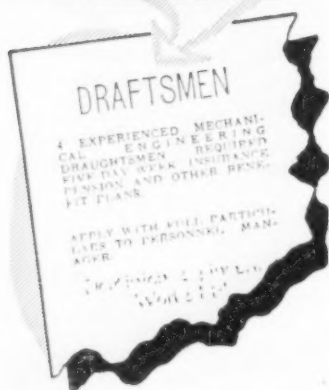
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## Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

Lapalme took the unusual step of going on the CBC's provincial network to announce he didn't agree with the federal Liberal leader. He told Prime Minister St. Laurent in advance of his intention and the personal relations of the two men remain cordial. But, so far as doctrine is concerned, it's an open split.

However, both sides hope to derive some benefit from it. Quebec Liberals have suffered for years from the charge of being "Ottawa's valet." Lapalme now points out that, if anybody is Ottawa's stooge on the Ungava question, it's Duplessis.

Ottawa, on its side, is glad of a chance to slap down any Quebec nationalist elements in the Liberal Party. Lately, Liberals say, the Quebec nationalist groups have become fed up with Duplessis and are looking around for another party to back. Any party contains members who believe in running up a sail to catch every wind that blows. So there had been, of late, some attempt by some Liberals to pander to Quebec nationalist prejudice. St. Laurent wants none of this and isn't sorry to say so.

He had a date to speak at the Montreal Reform Club this week (actually three or four days before this issue of Maclean's was published) and he was expected to make himself clear on the whole issue.

\* \* \*

As reported here a month ago, the Government proposes to spend \$250,000 this year on a "Freedom Program" by the National Film Board: Canadian films to sell liberty and democracy throughout the world. Already, of course, an annual one and a half million dollars are being spent on the CBC's International Service for the same end. Until lately, though, very little attention has been paid by the Government itself to the use CBC made of this money.

It has not been CBC's fault. International Service has long felt like an unwanted stepchild of External Affairs. It is supposed to be the official and authentic voice of Canada in world affairs, but in fact it's an outsider—almost as much an outsider as any other publication. CBC men complain nobody has ever told them just what they are expected to do.

This complaint may be answered within the next few weeks or months. Early this spring the Government set up a high-level committee of civil servants from External Affairs, National Defense, Finance and other departments to look into the whole question of Canadian information to other countries. What are we doing? Why are we doing it? Are the objectives being achieved? What improvements could be made? The committee's report will be private, to the Cabinet, but it will have great authority.

Nothing revolutionary is expected. External Affairs has been keeping a pretty close eye on CBC International scripts for some months, and on the whole is not displeased. Officials say the general standard of broadcasting is quite satisfactory.

What it lacks, they say, is clear plan and sharp point—and they admit this is their own fault as much as CBC's. There hasn't been enough guidance, or enough clarity, on the over-all purpose of the International Service.

International Service began before the Cold War had really broken out, or at least before Western nations fully accepted it. At the beginning, there-



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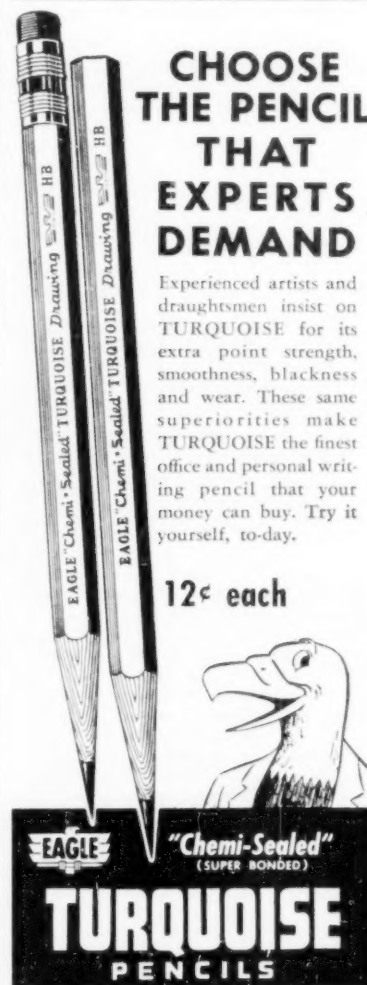
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fore, the assumed purpose of Canadian official broadcasting was simply to "project Canada": tell the rest of the world what this country is doing.

The motive was partly commercial, to help sell Canadian goods; partly just an investment in national prestige. It seemed worth while to let the rest of the world know about Canadian achievements, even if we got no material return for doing so.

Lately the thinking has changed. General Eisenhower appeals for more help from countries in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in propaganda warfare, on which the Voice of America spent more than two hundred millions during the current fiscal year. The whole emphasis has moved from "Project Canada" to "Fight Communism."

Obviously this means a shift in tactics for the CBC. To fight Communism we ought to be concentrating on broadcasts to the lands behind the Iron Curtain, or to the wavering allies of Asia. We have nothing to teach the British or the Scandinavians or the Dutch about democracy and freedom.

On the other hand, there may still be virtue in the 1945 approach to these free countries. Have we altogether given up the idea of helping to sell Canadian goods? The CBC would like to know, one way or the other.

An example of indecision cropped up this spring. CBC has been running a Latin American service. External Affairs, preoccupied with the Cold War, has no interest whatever in this enterprise: "Who cares what the Latin Americans think?" When the estimates of CBC International went to Treasury Board this spring it was expected the Latin American item would get the axe.

Not at all. External Affairs might not be interested but the Department of Trade and Commerce went to bat for the CBC in a big way. If there's anywhere in the world where broadcasting can help us to sell goods, they said, it's in Latin America—and they cited a few examples. The item went through untouched. But the Treasury Board is acidly suggesting that External Affairs and other departments make up their minds just what they want CBC to do.

\* \* \*

Speaking of broadcasting, one CBC program was recently barred from the air by a Montreal private station.

The program is the quiz show "What's the Answer?" Novelist Hugh MacLennan, McGill professors David Thomson and Max Cohen are the regulars, and each week they have one guest "expert." On a recent show their guest was Roger Ouimet, son-in-law of the late Right Hon. Ernest Lapointe and a lively Liberal.

One question was "Who crossed what river by a submerged bridge?" The right answer was "The Russian army that relieved Stalingrad." But Roger Ouimet had a different answer, also literally correct.

"Four taxi drivers in Three Rivers," he said instantly.

This reference to the collapse of the Duplessis Bridge affected different people different ways. Montreal's station CFCF called it an inexcusable breach of good taste. In Three Rivers, they said, the collapse of a bridge that killed eight people is no laughing matter. Others in Montreal think perhaps CFCF is sensitive to one section of Three Rivers opinion. Certainly it is no laughing matter to Premier Duplessis, one of whose publicity men is on the staff of CFCF. But from Three Rivers in general, jokes about the Duplessis Bridge have developed into a staple export. ★



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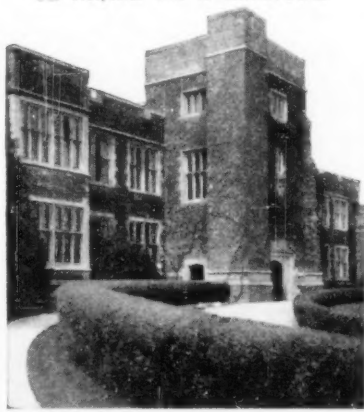
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## WIT AND WISDOM

**The Bitter End**—To torture a wife, let her go on with your anecdote if she interrupts. It's two to one she will have forgotten the punch line. —*Calgary Herald*.

**The Fourth Estate?**—An American brewing firm has given a school of journalism \$100,000. That's only fair; newspapermen have endowed several breweries. —*Hamilton Spectator*.

**Team Work**—One of the slogans for Fire Prevention Week in 1925 is still applicable today. It read: "Matches have heads, but no brains. When you use a match, be sure to use your own brains." —*Sudbury Star*.

**Payoff Question**—Teacher received her pay envelope and after extracting the money held the envelope up for the class to see.

"What is this?" she asked, by way of a general knowledge test.

"A pay envelope, miss," said one boy.

"And what did it contain?" she went on.

"Money," the boy answered.

"Your salary."

"That's correct," replied the teacher. "And now has anyone any questions to ask?"

"Please, teacher," said a little boy who had been studying the envelope in silence, "where do you work?" —*Kingston Whig Standard*.

**Next, Please!**—A club of eccentric young men had for one of their rules that on Tuesday evenings any man who asked in the clubroom a question which he was unable to answer himself should pay a fine of a dollar. One evening Tomkinson asked: "Why doesn't a ground squirrel leave any dirt round the top of his hole when he digs it?"

After some deliberation he was called upon to answer his own question. "That's easy," he said. "The squirrel starts at the bottom and digs up."

"All very nice," suggested a member, "but how does it get to the bottom?"

"That's your question," answered Tomkinson. —*Flin Flon (Man.) Miner*.

**Stumped**—The first day he went into the restaurant he ordered brown bread with his meal. The waitress brought white. The second day he ordered brown bread and again she brought white. The third day he ordered brown and again got white.

This went on for a week. On the eighth day he decided that the only way to get what he wanted was to order the opposite. So, having ordered lunch, he added: "And bring me some white bread."

"But," said the waitress, "aren't you the gentleman that always has brown?" —*Montreal Star*.

JASPER

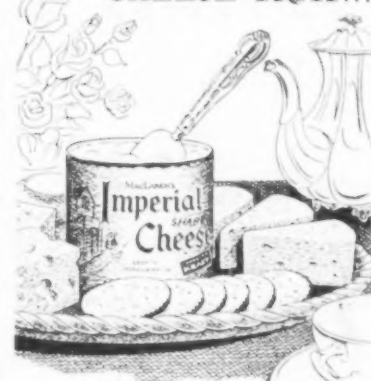
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MacLaren's is versatile... equally delicious in appetizers, sandwiches, or as a dessert. Its piquant flavour is perfect for special occasions, and remember, the family loves it too! Keep it handy, so they can enjoy its rich cheddar goodness often in tempting snacks. Cheese-lovers agree, MacLaren's is truly a masterpiece of the cheesemaker's art.

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My husband is a more contented man now that he's 'salting away a little' — as he puts it.

My attitude to this Mutual Life policy of ours is that it's an important step towards independence. Knowing that it's in our safety deposit box is the kind of security you can't put into words, but I certainly feel comforted when I think of the children and the protection it would provide for us if anything should happen."

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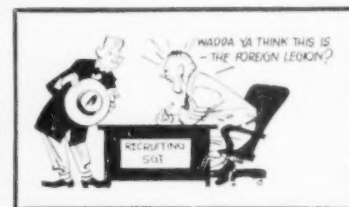
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AT AN Army recruiting centre in Saskatoon a brusque young desk sergeant was interviewing a line-up of applicants for enlistment. His questions shot like bullets at the young man at the head of the line. "Name?"—"Martin, sir. James George."

"Place of birth?"—"The young man paused. "I'll . . . I think I better spell it for you, sir," he began.

"I can spell," the sergeant barked.



"You say it."—"Penetanguishene, Ontario, sir."

Color crept out of the sergeant's collar. "Spell it!" he snarled.

Fort William fire reels burned up the town for almost an hour recently, but it was the most elusive fire in anyone's memory. When they finally did locate it another brigade had put it out.

A woman phoned to report that the bedroom in her home at 212 McVicar St. was on fire. The reels rushed to McVicar St. but failed to find No. 212. Chief E. H. Dean did some fast thinking and reasoned that the woman might have meant to say North Vickers St. The reels went there but No. 212 turned out to be the Fort William Gardens.

Dean ordered his men and equipment back to the firehall and then had a happy thought. He telephoned the neighboring Port Arthur department.

Did they have a fire?—Yes, they did.

At 212 McVicar St.?—Yes, but it was out.

Wearily, the chief said something about people who phone the wrong city about a fire, and went back to work.

A young woman who went to Vancouver for a new job searched unsuccessfully for a room to live in. After consulting want ads, she raced to several boardinghouses but at each one she found the vacancy had been filled.

Then walking down a suburban street, she saw a "Room For Rent" sign and dashed through the gate at the same time as a young man obviously on the same mission. They were met together by the landlady.

"We don't take married couples,"

the woman said bluntly and shut the door.

The young woman looked at the young man, blushed and smiled and hastily rang the doorbell. When the landlady appeared again the young woman began, "I'm afraid you don't understand. You see, I'm not married to this young man . . ."

The landlady gave her a brief black look and slammed the door this time.

A recent English immigrant says the first thing he learned was to be wary of strangers. A British Army veteran, he got talking during the trans-Atlantic flight with a quiet middle-aged man whom he took to be a Canadian businessman. The Briton asked about life in Canada and finally about the housing situation. Were homes hard to get?

"I guess they're not too easy," his companion said. "But then I really don't know. I've been in the Army for twenty-five years."

"Twenty-five years!" The Briton reflected on his two years as a private and chuckled. "Say, they should have made you a general by now."

"They did," his companion said. But he didn't venture his name and the Briton says he was too embarrassed to ask it.

A woman in Edmonton claims to be a witness to a man being held up by a bank. She was waiting for a bus on a raw rainy evening in the shallow doorway of a downtown



bank. Waiting there also was a man bundled in a heavy coat.

A janitor came out of the building, she says, squeezed past them in the small entrance and locked the door. A few minutes later the bus came along and she walked over to board it. Looking back, she saw the man struggling to free his coat from the door, where it had evidently been locked by the janitor.

After several tugs the man gave up, wriggled out of the coat and left it imprisoned in the door while he boarded the bus.

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